THE
NATION

JUNE 27, 1959 . . 25c

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

ORGANIZED CRIME AND DISORGANIZED COPS

The Federal Cleanup That Failed

Ronald W. May

OUR FARM POLICY

Brannan to Benson to Brannan

Reo M. Christenson

BOX SCORE AT GENEVA

Frederick Kuh

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

What Is Militancy?

Dear Sirs: Having just finished reading Anne Braden's *The Wall Between*, and being convinced that it is the most searching and vital book on the problem of Negro-white relations in the South, I feel compelled to utter a protest against Harry Golden's review in your May 16 issue. Referring to Frank Brown's *Trumbull Park* as well as to Mrs. Braden's book, Mr. Golden writes:

> Neither is forthright. Neither explores nor exploits the *genuine* motive of the American Negro. Mr. Brown and Mrs. Braden state too matter of factly that the Negro who moves into a white area is simply looking for a better place to live.... We know this is a substantial motive, but we also know that it is not the whole motive.... He wants a sort of acceptance.... The chief value these two books could have offered us is the articulation of this drive, but Mrs. Braden and Mr. Brown shy from it. They are not militant. And instead of being forthright they are apologetic.

I suggest that Mr. Golden read the books he is paid to review. Mrs. Braden is quite clear about Andrew Wade's larger motive; she speaks of it herself, quotes Andrew Wade on the subject, and makes it the principal theme of her book, as implied in the title. Furthermore, Mr. Golden's remarks on militancy sound strange, after he has declared that he thinks the Bradens were ill-advised to arrange the sale of the house by subterfuge. Such an attitude misses the whole point of the book....

JIGGS GARDNER

Chestertown, Md.

Dear Sirs: What I meant by militancy—the militancy which has impressed me—are the rehearsals I saw on several occasions. I saw Negroes practicing what they would do and say when they took an unoccupied seat on a bus. A minister kept coaching them that all they were to say was: "I paid my dime."

When I speak of "militancy" I speak also of the militancy shown the Southern school boards when a board assigns six different Negro children to six different schools. The school boards have learned by now that the six lonely Negro children will show up at the six different schools. This bespeaks a deeply militant stand by Negro parents. This militancy is the reason the Negro keeps winning and the Governor Faubuses keep growing more and more bewildered.

I would also like to make it very plain that I *always* read the books I am paid to review. But a book is not a pamphlet and I judge a book, regardless of its sympathies, on whether or not it is literature. I believe I showed no disrespect to either Mrs. Braden or Mr. Brown. I hold their courage in deep respect. I respect even more their willingness to say what they believe, even though I am not in agreement; but I do not think they have written literature. And I am paid for this opinion even more than I am paid for reading the books.

HARRY GOLDEN

Charlotte, N. C.

Motes and Beams

Dear Sirs: I agree with Theodore Sands ["Propaganda vs. Diplomacy," May 30] that propaganda and diplomacy should be kept apart.... I was surprised, however, to see so liberal a thinker endorse the cold war. According to Mr. Sands, one of our main objectives should be "to create conditions within the Soviet bloc which disrupt and weaken the Communist system": in other words, sowing tares, while virtuously indignant if the Soviets try to disrupt and weaken our system. A realistic view? We are paying an enormous price for such "realism."

The way out was pointed by Christ: "to overcome evil with good." To help the Communist world get rid of its outrageous beams, hoping that in return it will help us remove our infinitesimal motes. Not to be sworn antagonists. To be more than fellow travelers (today, in scientific research and in the management of large collective enterprises, Americans and Russians *are* fellow travelers, in paths undreamt of by their respective ancestors; materialistic, collectivistic and classless, the United States and the USSR are far closer to each other than they are to France).

Mr. Sands considers "one-party elections" as an evil to be outlawed. Let us outlaw them in this country as well as in Russia. Our so-called parties are not parties at all; they are factions, machines and lobbies. There are two *real* parties in the United States: the Communist and the anti-Communist. The Communist is *de facto* outlawed. In this again, the United States and the USSR resemble each other far more than they resemble France or Italy. No country is truly liberal unless it is "pluralistic," unless it admits the peaceful competition of rival ideologies. Material attempts to "disrupt and weaken" (as advised by Professor Sands) should be punishable by law. But a law-abiding citizen should have full freedom of thought, expression and association, full equality of rights and opportunities. . . .

ALBERT GUERARD

Stanford, Calif.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

565

ARTICLES

567 Organized Crime and Disorganized Cops
by RONALD W. MAY

570 Box Score on Geneva
by FREDERICK KUH

571 Farm Policy: Brannan to Benson to Brannan
by REO M. CHRISTENSON

573 New Wonder of the Nile
by DESMOND STEWART

575 The Tax That Doesn't Tax
by JOHN C. BOWEN

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

578 The Importance of Saying What Is False
by NORWOOD RUSSELL HANSON

579 From God to Sartre
by DILYS LAING

580 No Lorgnette for Bessie
by NELSON ALGREN

581 Stravinsky Without Myth
by DONALD RICHIE

582 Lawrence Encircled
by RICHARD SCHICKEL

583 Letter from Yugoslavia
by GERALD SYKES

584 N.Y. Tanka (poem)
by BABETTE DEUTSCH

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 584)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, June 27, 1959. Vol. 188, No. 26

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1959, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

/EW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1959
'OLUME 188, No. 26

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Brick Is Still Hot

Late developments in the renegotiation controversy ("The Hottest Brick in Congress," *The Nation*, June 20) involve accusations by the General Accounting Office (GAO) against McDonnell Aircraft Corp., Boeing Airplane Co., General Precision Laboratories, Cessna Aircraft Co. and Rheem Manufacturing Co., in addition to the Lockheed Aircraft Corp. case reported in the article. In most of these cases exaggerated subcontracting costs boosted the price to the prime contractor's advantage. According to the GAO, McDonnell, negotiating a target price of $102 million for the Air Force's F-101A aircraft, used subcontract costs which McDonnell knew were higher by $5.2 million than those it would have to pay. The GAO also accused Boeing of padding a $72 million Air Force B-52 contract by $5 million in the same way. The best reply Boeing could make was that it had used "out of date" list prices furnished by subcontractors. Robert Dechert, general counsel for the Department of Defense, who testified in April that ". . . My background is that of private business and private law practice," now says the department is "very worried" because "business concerns deemed to be wholly legitimate have withheld information" from government negotiators and "we cannot rely on the integrity and fair dealing of business concerns."

Anticipating the House Armed Services Subcommittee hearings scheduled to begin soon after July 1 under the chairmanship of Rep. F. Edward Hébert (D., La.), Senator Paul Douglas (D., Ill.) obtained figures from the Department of Defense on retired military personnel of the grade of colonel or Navy captain, or higher, now working for defense contractors. One hundred companies holding 74 per cent of all defense contracts were interrogated; 88 replied. These employ 721 retired officers. Lockheed leads with 60 (including 21 admirals), followed by General Dynamics with 54 and Westinghouse Air Brake with 42. The leaders in volume of defense business were also tabulated. Boeing was first in 1958 with $1,894,500,000 (and 30 retired officers), General Dynamics was runner-up with $1,542,300,000, General Electric came in third with $952,400,000 (and 35 retired officers). While no direct relationship can be shown, retired generals and admirals seem to have the faculties of well-trained bird dogs who, in the memorable phrase of Charlie Wilson, do not sit on their fannies when defense business is in the wind.

A Bad Case of Vetophobia

Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson occupies a suite in the Senate wing of the Capitol so baronial in scale that it stuns even the hard-boiled Washington correspondents. One of them describes its gold-leafed magnificence as a "cross between a Victorian manor hall and the Sistine Chapel." The traditional décor is mated with ultra-modern microphones, dictating machines, loud speakers and other aids to statesmanship. But the results are hardly commensurate with all this pomp and panoply, for the Senator seems to live in such fear of the Presidential veto that he has practically ceased to function as an active political force.

The instant case of morbid veto-dodging is the federal airport bill. The Senate started off with a four-year, $465 million airport grant program. The House passed a four-year, $297 million measure. Senator Mike Monroney, the floor manager for the ill-fated bill, warned the Senators that "We have a loaded veto aimed at our heads." Lyndon Johnson cried, "In a government that is divided, you can do something or you can do nothing." The something which the Democratic majority voted for, practically as a unit, was a two-year extension of the present law, authorizing airport aid at the rate of $63 million a year. This was $2 million under President Eisenhower's own recommendation for fiscal 1960; thus it had the supreme virtue of being veto-proof.

Later, however, there were complaints. One of the

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only. It will be published as follows: July 4, July 18, August 1, August 15 and August 29. Thereafter the normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complainants was Senator John A. Carroll (D., Colo.). When Monroney maintained that half a loaf was better than none, Carroll suggested that hardly a quarter-loaf had been provided. The field is one in which budget-balancing at the expense of progress and welfare involves political hazards. The Denver airport, for instance, badly needs longer runways for jets. A single aborted take-off, or an airliner overshooting the runway in landing, might cause the voters to forget the work sheets which Lyndon Johnson sends around to the Democratic Senators and which they in turn furnish to their constituents to show that this isn't a "won't do" Congress, as the Republicans allege.

Few Senators care to revolt openly against Lyndon Johnson; equally few Representatives have the hardihood to lock horns with Sam Rayburn. But 1960 is not far off, and a few more vetoes, strategically invited, might aid the Democrats rather than damage their prospects. The veto puts the responsibility where it belongs; Congressional passivity gratuitously shares the blame for a program which fails to meet the needs of the country. A majority which behaves like a minority deserves defeat, and is likely to get what it deserves.

A Good Citizen

Hjalmer Andersson, who came to this country as a Swedish farm boy, took the oath of allegiance without scruple or reservation when he became a citizen in 1929. Indeed, he says, he took it with considerable enthusiasm; one of the reasons he came to this country was that here, he was convinced, he could not only protest things he did not like but also stand up for the things he did like. Long known as a militant anti-Communist, he has served as a janitor at Evanston High School near Chicago, since he became a citizen thirty years ago. Today his savings are down to $300, but he could collect $7,557 if he would only sign an oath that he is not a Communist — the oath which the so-called Broyles Act requires in Illinois of all public-school and state employees. But since 1957 Andersson has refused to take the oath. "I would sign it in a minute," he says, "if I could find one person who would tell me what man — or what ideology — demands that the American people sign their loyalty away to him, or it. All I know is that the oath is against communism. So am I, but I want to know what it stands for beside that." He has somehow come to feel that this is not quite the same country to which he pledged allegiance in 1929. "There has been," he says, "something getting into its core and rotting it. Nearly all Americans today will do anything for the almighty dollar. The American people have become afraid and are driven by their fear into turning their backs on what they once believed."

So he refuses to take the oath, although the Internal Revenue Service now insists that he pay income taxes on the back earnings which he steadily refuses to collect. Citizenship Day (September 17) has now, of course, replaced I Am an American Day and Constitution Day in the calendar of days usually observed as legal or public holidays. We don't know whether Evanston, Illinois, plans to make any awards or to single out any local residents for special recognition on the occasion of this year's observance; if it does, Mr. Andersson is an obvious nominee.

Advances in Photography

Members of Congress, newscasters, editorial writers and others are understandably indignant over the attack on the U.S. Navy reconnaissance plane over the Sea of Japan. The indignation seems to be directed about equally toward the Pentagon and the Reds. About the latter little can be done, except to shoot up any reconnaissance planes of theirs which venture within fighter range of our bases, and perhaps to provide fighter escort for our reconnaissance missions, since it is impossible to combine first-class reconnaissance capability and first-class fighter capability in the same aircraft. Aside from the indignation and mortification, some pertinent technical questions arise. It is reported that our Navy plane was stripped of some of its guns to make room for "highly secret reconnaissance equipment." It is also reported that the airplane was on the usual innocent "routine training mission." It is highly unlikely that the Pentagon will answer the next question, i.e., what was the airplane photographing? Was it the sea? Or could it have been some Red installations on land? If the latter, the Reds still had no right to attack the aircraft over international waters, but the range of photography having increased so that even satellites high in orbit can take pictures of the earth, it would seem that existing codes are in process of revision by shooting. One more point may be raised. The Navy may have had good reasons for sending its plane on what turned out to be a perilous errand; it may also have had good reason for depriving it of some of the already inadequate protection which its normal armament afforded. But amid tons of the most advanced radar and photographic equipment, couldn't the Navy provide an intercom system which, when the commander tried to talk to a gunner and the gunner simultaneously tried to talk to the commander, would by some electronic magic give the commander precedence?

The Ghost of the Sudetan

The ideological and political differences between the Communist China regime and the Nationalist regime in Formosa are well known; not so well known, however, is the fact that on certain issues the two see eye to eye. Currently, for example, both regimes, as a matter of policy, are discouraging the 12,000,000 overseas Chinese

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from any longer thinking of themselves as expatriates. A few weeks ago Peking's Ambassador to Cambodia invited twenty-nine leading Chinese of that country to meet with him at the Embassy. There, it is reported, he talked to them like a benevolent uncle; the duty of Chinese living in Cambodia, he said, was to adapt themselves to the laws and customs of the country in which they lived. According to Delia and Ferdinand Kuhn, reporting in the Washington *Post*, the Chinese missions are behaving impeccably in the three countries where Peking has embassies: Burma, Cambodia and Indonesia. Similarly Chiang Kai-shek, in the Southeast Asian lands where the Nationalists have embassies — Thailand, Viet-Nam and the Philippines — has ceased to champion the cause of the resident Chinese minorities. Both regimes, in fact, are now giving the overseas Chinese much the same advice: be good citizens of the country in which you reside, don't antagonize your host country by luring capital to mainland China or Formosa, and, wherever possible, switch from shopkeeping to industrial production which creates employment and helps to develop your host country.

Both Peking and Taipei, in other words, have decided not to encourage any Sudetan-like irredentism in Southeast Asia and for much the same reason: nowadays relations with the host country are far more important than the remote possibility of conquest by subversion. What, then, happens to the argument — long one of the main props of American policy toward China — that American recognition of China would "convince the overseas Chinese that communism in China has come to stay"? Comment the Kuhns: "They are already pretty well convinced that communism in China will outlast their lifetime. We heard no optimistic predictions from the overseas Chinese that the days of Mao's regime were numbered."

Organized Crime and Disorganized Cops

Ronald W. May

ROBERT KENNEDY, chief counsel of the Senate rackets committee, wanted to end his investigation last week with a spectacular line-up of a hundred plug-ugly teamsters who would be asked to tell their stories before the television cameras. The idea was to put the heat on the Department of Justice by saying: "Look, here they are. We've got their names, addresses and records and all we ask is that you start legal action."

No such theatrical bow-out occurred, but the committee staff's resentment against Justice and against its investigative arm, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is real and still exists. In a recent article in a popular magazine, Mr. Kennedy observed heatedly that after two and a half years of committee investigations costing $1.5 million of taxpayers' money, only three men out of hundreds exposed as "con men" at best, and master criminals at worst, have been convicted by the department, and one of these was a committee informant whom Kennedy asked be dealt with leniently.

RONALD W. MAY is Washington correspondent of the Madison (Wisconsin) Capital Times.

The article drew blood. When a reporter visited Malcolm Wilkey, the new U.S. Assistant Attorney General in charge of Justice's criminal division, he was eager to answer the charge. He pulled out a fourteen-page booklet and slapped it on the desk. The booklet was titled, *Federal Prosecutions of Racketeers—What has been done demonstrates what can be done.* "Here's the record," Mr. Wilkey said. "Now follow me as I go through and show you how many of these men indicted for extortion, income-tax evasion and other racketeering offenses were teamsters."

Of the 134 persons listed, thirty-one were identified as members of the Teamsters Union. "I personally took this book to Senator John McClellan" [the Arkansas Democrat who heads the committee], he added. "A lot of the cases that arose from the hearings just don't stand up under examination." When reminded that Mr. Kennedy had referred in his article to indictments of teamsters growing out of the committee's investigation, he replied testily, "Well, these are teamsters."

Mr. Kennedy took this reply with a laugh. He studied the indictments of which the Assistant Attorney General had boasted, and snorted: "These are old cases. Nearly all of these began before the committee started. My statement still stands."

Last September the antagonism between the committee staff and the Department of Justice flared up in a short-lived exchange of public charges, beginning with Mr. Kennedy's statement that the department had failed to prosecute at least twenty witnesses for suspected perjury. Assistant Attorney General Malcolm Anderson (Mr. Wilkey's predecessor) cracked back that "There is nothing in law-enforcement work more destructive and mischievous than the public spectacle of persons in such work . . . criticizing persons . . . who are working just as conscientiously." He said eight of the fourteen cases referred by the committee had been closed because "evidence failed to substantiate the allegations" and the other six cases were under study or were being prepared for grand jury presentation.

"Most of them were never tried," Mr. Kennedy says today. "None of the persons involved was convicted."

ALL LAW-ENFORCEMENT experts agree that big crime is getting bigger. But there the agreement ends,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a growing number of authorities say that federal agents must be "unleashed" for the fight, and to this the Justice Department strenuously objects. And objecting most strenuously of all is J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the FBI and a veteran exponent of the idea that crime-fighting is a local concern.

BUT FOR THE first time in years, the FBI director was overruled by his superiors in the spring of 1958. Mr. Anderson had worked out a plan for organizing within the department a Special Group On Organized Crime composed of eighteen hand-picked federal attorneys. He selected Milton Wessel to run the elite crime-fighting corps, supposedly with the complete cooperation of the FBI.

A secret list of the hundred biggest criminals was dispatched to the eighty-six U.S. Attorneys' offices in the nation. Creation of a master crime file was announced. Continual "scrutiny" of underworld barons was promised. Newspapers, magazines and radio and television broadcasts told the exciting story, and great things were predicted.

But Attorney General William Rogers and FBI chief Hoover were not so sure. The new setup trod on a lot of important toes and reached for reins of power jealously held by others. The heralded unit dropped out of the news. Last February newsmen learned that Mr. Wessel was in trouble. He had apparently grown impatient with trying to overcome the inertia with which he was surrounded and sent out a flurry of subpoenas to some of the men on the secret list. Word spread that since the FBI had not provided the information he requested, he had decided to get it himself.

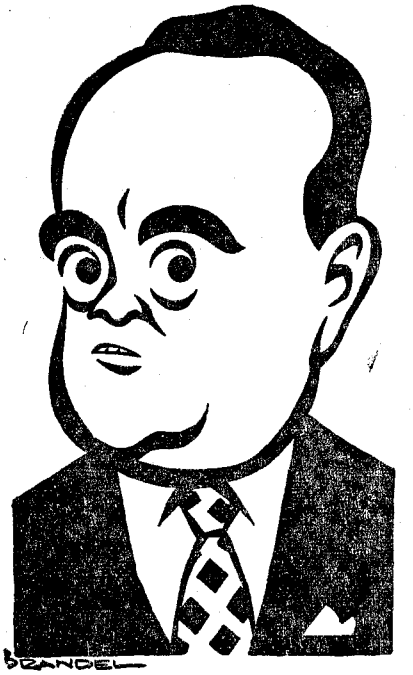
That gesture marked the beginning of the end for Mr. Wessel and his elite lieutenants. In March, a brief release announced that Mr. Anderson had resigned and was being replaced as head of Justice's criminal division by an unknown, Malcolm Wilkey. The soft-spoken, rather diffident Wilkey had years of experience as a Justice lawyer in Texas and Washington, but not in the criminal field.

As expected, Mr. Wilkey disbanded the special group and dispersed them back to U.S. Attorneys' offices in the larger cities. This time there were no releases nor press conferences to announce the move.

Mr. Wilkey says the experts were "phased into" normal procedures and will continue to fight crime without upsetting routines. He asked each U.S. Attorney to pick an aide as a crime specialist and he sent a packet of papers to help. These included loose-leaf notebook pages carrying sample indictments, suggestions for trial procedures and even a stimulating quiz on how to spot offenses. Each Attorney was asked to contribute the names of leading hoodlums in his area to go into a national "big criminal" list to be held by the Justice Department.

UP ON Capitol Hill, Mr. Kennedy was watching these moves with something akin to amusement. He was not impressed and said so: "The department still hasn't learned what it is dealing with. They're over there shuffling papers and handing out press releases. They have to do more investigating. They should use the FBI to find out who these racketeers are, whom they meet, where they go, what businesses they're in, how they operate. But that's not being done.

"A central federal intelligence bureau for organized crime is badly needed. Justice won't do that. And it won't keep these fellows under surveillance. They do it for suspected spies, but they won't do it for gangsters and racketeers.



J. Edgar Hoover

"The proof is the Apalachin convention. Sixty top gangsters were there, but no local, state or federal officer knew about it. It was discovered only by chance because a state policeman — Sergeant Edgar Croswell — happened to be interested.

"Anthony Pinelli moved from Miami to Gary, Indiana, and operated big for three years before anyone found out.

"Justice says organized crime is a local affair. But local authorities can't do it alone. And there's the fact that organized crime has corrupted some local police forces and even mayors.

"The FBI has to be ordered into this job.

"Justice says that the FBI is doing all it should by checking fingerprints sent in by local police when a racketeer moves into their city. But do they think a gangster will send a note announcing his arrival in town?

"We need a central bureau. Government lawyers sitting around a table looking at old files won't bring results."

Kenneth O'Donnell, assistant counsel of the committee, put it even more strongly:

"The few Justice cases that have been brought against big criminals have been based on evidence produced by narcotics agents and other government investigators, who use surveillance and infiltration.

"The Justice Department and the FBI weren't greatly interested in this field of organized crime until our committee investigation began exposing it. The FBI has never been aggressive on big crime. It went after Communists and stayed there.

"Our committee is the only group with a complete set of files on the big gangsters. New York and Los Angeles and other cities have files on their hoods, but a man fifty miles out won't be included.

"Hoover works by the book. His men have too much paperwork. As it is now, the FBI chief is afraid to step on the toes of local officials—afraid he will lose some popularity and get involved in local politics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But local authorities can't handle nation-wide syndicates.

"If the FBI really went to work on the hoods, the local police would get busy, too. You can bet on that."

Mr. Wilkey is very hesitant when answering such taunts. As a new man in a hot spot, he can say only that the FBI will continue to act solely on specific complaints in the field of organized crime. He told a recent interviewer: "We don't have the manpower to do what these critics suggest." Then, as though suddenly realizing that this left a hole in his argument, he switched to higher grounds: "You cannot put a U.S. citizen under surveillance. That is not the way a free government operates." But later, he added: "What would we get out of watching some racketeer's house, anyway? We're not interested in learning who his son is going out with."

One obvious answer was suggested but provoked no reaction. The answer is that the FBI does put American citizens under surveillance, and citizens who can only remotely be under suspicion. These are persons whom the FBI on its own initiative suspects of disloyalty, subversion or dangerous thinking; and, of course, the thousands of U.S. government-job holders, defense-plant job holders and applicants to such jobs. Mr. Hoover testified one day last year that on that day he had "only" ninety telephones tapped, and one day this year he said the number was reduced to seventy-four.

With the number of real Communists in the 2,000-7,000 range, and with their popular support nonexistent, this concentration on loyalty-security work accompanied by a distaste for fighting a criminal underworld which Mr. Hoover himself says costs the nation $22 billion a year, is puzzling. One of those who finds it so is another Hoover—former President Herbert Hoover, who suggested in a recent newspaper article that the government take a census of criminals, adding: "The story from this census might bring realization to the American people that freedom in the United States is in more jeopardy from crime than from all the Communist conspirators. It might show that we have a duty to get tough."

J. Edgar Hoover's reluctance to step up his efforts in the war against the barons of organized crime was emphasized at a recent conference of U.S. Attorneys. The FBI chief pledged his assistance to authorities in "exposing and destroying the hoodlum barons of the American underworld" as long as such assistance did not infringe "in any manner" on state and local agencies. "State and local law-enforcement agencies traditionally have been the nation's front-line troops in the fight against crime," he said. He criticized the "very noble objective" of certain "well intentioned persons" who want to step up the war against crime with "national commissions, national clearing houses, special prosecuting teams to cover the national scene."

Thus, he made plain that he had opposed the Special Group in Justice.

After the group's dissolution, he announced in a printed release that "the bonds of cooperative effort which exist within our profession are entirely adequate to meet the present-day hoodlum threat." The release, on March 30, said that the FBI would begin conferences throughout the country with local and state law-enforcement officers "to further enhance the free exchange of information concerning crime and racketeering" within the existing framework. A total of 162 such conferences were held to form "a solid front of attack on organized crime."

HOOVER opposes a greater role for himself in organized crime-fighting not only because "crime and racketeering are local problems," but also because he does not want to set up a "National Police Force" on hated old-world patterns. Critics, however, point out that Hoover's career-long preoccupation with subversion, radicalism and political crimes is following the lead of tyrannies much more than any stepped-up drive against gangsters would do.

Mr. Hoover is touchy on the subject of the FBI record against criminal bosses and when stories appear referring to this painful subject he is wont to announce that behind all criticism of the FBI are Communists. He then points out that he is strictly limited in the fields into which he can enter, and that he heads a fact-finding organization that is not permitted to enter the policy area. Nevertheless, he has not hesitated to praise the late Senator Joseph McCarthy; and, on the other hand to denounce "psuedo-liberals" seeking to thaw the cold war, Supreme Court decisions protecting civil rights, juvenile-court judges, American parents and those who refuse to believe that the Communist Party in America at its weakest is more dangerous than ever.

IT CANNOT be said that FBI-man Hoover, Mr. Wilkey or hardly anyone else denies the bigness of crime. Says Mr. Wilkey in describing "the syndicate" which coordinates legitimate and illicit operations that run into hundreds of millions of dollars annually: "Bigness in crime is growing just as it is in business and unions. The big boys are squeezing out the little ones and establishing monopolies." And the FBI's own figures show that crime is increasing at the rate of 8 per cent annually—faster than population growth or the growth of any large industry.

It seems logical to conclude that the Special Group in Justice and the recent round-up of Apalachin delegates were acts intended to answer a public demand for crackdowns on criminal overlords and to grab the play away—if only temporarily—from the Senate committee and from local and state policemen. The Apalachin hoods were shadowed and then taken in simultaneous raids by narcotics men from Treasury, after the full meaning of the convention was put on the record by local and state authorities.

Persistent questioning of Justice lawyers leaves little doubt that they still do not know why the sixty guests of the late Joe Barbara, Sr., were meeting at his house on November 14, 1957. This lack of knowledge seriously weakens the conspiracy case which Justice lawyers devised in their conference rooms in Washington. (Mr. Wessel has been asked to prosecute it.)

"We have the most complete files in existence on the syndicate," says Mr. O'Donnell. "But we don't have much. Nobody does. That's why there is a syndicate."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOX SCORE ON GENEVA . . . by Frederick Kuh

Geneva, June 18

THE BALANCE sheet of the six-week foreign ministers' conference definitely shows the four Western powers in the red. They have been suffering from the disadvantages inherent in meeting the Russians on all such occasions. The divergences among them sap some of their negotiating strength; moreover, owing to popular pressure, they must trim their position and make concessions—or face public accusation of being inflexible. They have been further encumbered because West Berlin, isolated deep in Communist territory, is extremely vulnerable.

The pattern of the discussions here was peculiar. They began, as did the 1955 Summit conference, by roaming over the immense fields of the problems of Germany, European security, disarmament and Berlin. Midway, however, the talks tapered into discussions confined solely to Berlin. Whether the results will prove satisfactory for the West must be judged by what happens hereafter.

The prospects for a Summit are obscure. Summitry is a passion which seems to afflict the British every four years, but it seems to be working itself out. Furthermore, the Western Allies seem to have staked too heavily on their belief that Khrushchev is aching for a Summit. The Soviet Premier has been visiting Soviet satellite lands recently; since the Hungarian revolt of 1956, the Kremlin has greatly consolidated relationships with its satraps. This may lessen Khrushchev's sense of urgency for a Summit.

Khrushchev can get tickets to a Summit in two ways. He can buy one for a nickel's worth of concessions sufficient to permit President Eisenhower to proclaim that enough progress has been made to justify a heads-of-government meeting. Or he can create another crisis.

The Western governments' attitude is simple. Adenauer opposes a Summit because he thinks any advance toward a European settlement will be at Germany's expense. De Gaulle is lukewarm. We are all familiar with Eisenhower's dictum that there must be enough headway toward solutions to warrant scaling the Alp. Britain still wants a Summit, irrespective of the outcome of the foreign ministers' deliberations. It would suit Prime Minister Macmillan if the Summit still lay ahead while the British elections were held in October; thereby he might win many votes by urging his countrymen not to shoot the pianist in the middle of a concert.

SEEN FROM the Western viewpoint, what are the principal debit and credit entries in the talks so far? First, the Western reverses:

(1) On the opening day, the Russians won the most significant success of the whole six weeks when the Allies agreed to seat the East Germans on an equal footing with the West Germans (during the Geneva conference in 1955, the East German observers sat forlorn in cafes a mile away from the scene of the talks).

(2) The Allies failed to induce the Russians to reaffirm in writing Western rights in West Berlin.

(3) Abortive negotiations like these in Geneva—which leave German unification suspended in outer space—have the psychological effect of casting doubt on the durability of West Germany's membership in the Allied military system. The West insists that a unified Germany must be free to choose its alignment. Russia demands that a unified Germany must stay out of both power blocs. However inconclusive, any major debate on this issue accustoms more and more people to the idea of a neutral, unified Germany. Giving mass publicity to this notion is a distinct minus for the West.

The conference produced some gains as well as losses for the Allies:

(1) The Soviets crawled in from the limb on which they had scrambled recklessly last November, when they slapped a six-month ultimatum on the Allies for quitting West Berlin. Two months later, Mikoyan turned up in the United States telling everybody that the Soviets were joshing about the ultimatum. Then Mr. Khrushchev said that the time limit could be prolonged a few weeks or a couple of months. And a fortnight ago, here at Geneva, Gromyko extended the limit to a year. Thus Russia habituated its East German puppet to waiting awhile until another fattened roast pigeon dropped on its plate.

(2) East Germany's success in winning a seat here was partly offset by the result: the whole world now saw the German Democratic Republic's crude role as Moscow's pawn. Foreign Minister Lothar Bolz dared not blow his nose until he saw Gromyko whip out a handkerchief.

(3) Despite difficulties natural among free nations, the Allies achieved unity at the conference table, and Gromyko was unable to profit from their divergences. This is not to underestimate the real differences which existed. There is the serious Franco-American rift resulting from de Gaulle's refusal to let the United States store nuclear explosives on French soil. There is the continuing distrust of the West Germans and the French of Britain's readiness to compromise with the Kremlin. There are Adenauer's antics vis-à-vis his chancellorship.

The Allied foreign ministers here think that Adenauer's performance may have had something to do with Gromyko's presentation on June 9 of a new ultimatum (which a day later he denied as deserving of that ugly label). Up to then, an agreement on Berlin seemed within grasp. What led to Gromyko's relapse into these peremptory methods? One interpretation is that Adenauer's decision to cling to the German chancellorship meant the survival in this key office of the man Russia hates most among Western diplomats.

IN DRAWING up the balance of the conference, one item ought to be mentioned which accrues to the benefit of both sides. It is that the major Western powers and the Soviet Union engaged in prolonged, serious conversation for the first time in four years. Ordinary people everywhere are likely to consider this a universal plus.

This conference is likely to end with a net success for the Soviets. But the real measure of its outcome can be taken only when we know what the Soviets will do next. If they defer the threatened peace treaty with the East Germans and the transfer to them of control over the approaches to West Berlin, the Allies will have done better in Geneva than the balance sheet indicates.

FREDERICK KUH, veteran foreign correspondent, is on the staff of the Chicago Sun-Times.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FARM POLICY:

Brannan to Benson to Brannan . . *by Reo M. Christenson*

ALTHOUGH Ezra Taft Benson's political foes haven't been able to reverse the drift of his policies for five long years, the American farmer may be ready to do the job himself. A recent bulletin from the crop-reporting service indicates that the farmer, operating under conditions approaching those recommended by the Secretary, is girding himself to produce the most handsome surpluses yet. With the government's hoard already exceeding $9 billion, another record crop should just about set the stage for the derailing of Benson's program. It may also bring about the resurrection of the much abused but perennially intriguing Brannan Plan.

Brannan's program, badly mauled by its enemies and then kicked to death in 1949, has been twitching in its grave ever since. According to the politically sagacious columnist Joseph Alsop, a modified form is "almost certain to become the Democratic farm plank in 1960." Certain or not, a system of free market prices combined with direct payments to maintain a minimum income for family farmers stands an excellent chance of getting the kind of serious Congressional attention it has never really had.

Our mountainous pile of surplus commodities is only one factor paving the way for a radical shift in national farm policy. Another is the breath-taking and somewhat absurd $7 billion agricultural budget, which includes more than $1 billion annually just for managing the government-held surpluses. This budget is causing more head-shaking than almost any farm phenomenon since Henry Wallace's massacre of the poor little pigs in 1933.

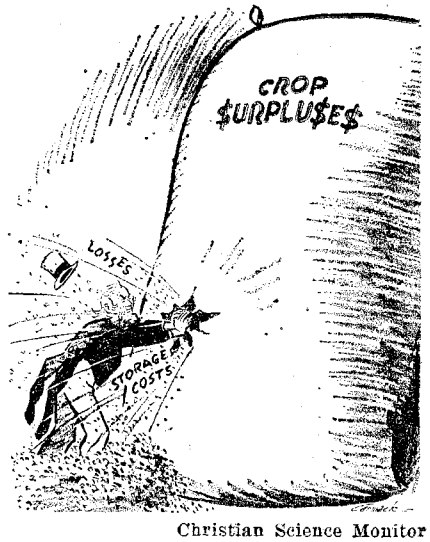
Still another factor is the steep rise in our feed-grain supplies, which threatens a major decline in hog and — later — other livestock prices. Here is one of several developments which lead even the Department of Agriculture to predict a drop in farm income this year. Finally, the Democrats, well pleased with 1958 election returns in rural areas, are out to tighten their grip on the votes Benson has so obligingly tossed their way. Under these circumstances, it would be remarkable if the farm program were to escape the Congressional scalpel much longer.

BEYOND the budget statistics and the policies is a growing awareness that Benson's analysis of the farm problem is both superficial and faulty. The Secretary has declared repeatedly that our price-support system is primarily responsible for surpluses. He insists it has artificially stimulated excess output, distorted the production pattern and kept land in cultivation that ought to be retired. Above all, he has preached with evangelical zeal that government controls and subsidies rob farmers of that independence and self-reliance which have been the glory of American agriculture. Get the government out of the farm sector — well, almost out — and the self-correcting forces of a free economy will bring blessed relief from the iniquities of the paternalistic state.

All this is hailed by practically all businessmen as the kind of turkey-talk which may be politically inexpedient, but which represents sane, sound, 100 per cent Americanism. But thoughtful students of agriculture are increasingly of the opinion that Benson has been ignoring or minimizing vital facts.

They argue that the primary blame for farm surpluses rests not on the system of price supports, but rather on science. Recent advances in technology have been more spectacular in agriculture than in almost any other phase of American industry. Improved machinery, insecticides, fertilizers, seeds, chemical weed-killers, the use of antibiotics in livestock feed, the spread of artificial insemination and other improved breeding practices—these and other technical developments primarily account for the amazing productivity of American agriculture. Technology explains why crop production in 1958, although it involved the fewest acres in forty years, exceeded previous records by about 11 per cent. Technology also principally accounts for the fact that annual farm output is increasing considerably faster than increases in demand.

As for the comfortable assumption that lower price supports will help persuade the backward, marginal farmer to seek greener pastures in the city, leaving the more efficient farmers to prosper despite lower price levels, reputable studies show that it is the presence of off-the-farm job opportunities, rather than low farm prices, which accelerates the exodus from the farm. For that matter, it is argued plausibly that whenever less efficient farmers decide to leave the soil, their land is usually purchased by the more efficient, whose enlarged holdings and superior practices enable them to increase production. With the nation's agriculture already turning out 5 to 8 per cent more farm commodities than the market can absorb at reasonable price levels,



Christian Science Monitor

"When a Feller Needs a (Congressional) Friend."

REO M. CHRISTENSON, author of The Brannan Plan: Farm Politics and Policy, *to be published this fall by the University of Michigan Press, teaches Government at Miami University, Ohio.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this looks like something less than a sensible solution.

Benson's theory, it is conceded, might work if it were carried to its logical conclusion. Dr. Walter W. Wilcox of the Legislative Reference Service, Library of Congress, and one of the nation's foremost students of agriculture, has calculated that a completely free market would slash net farm income by from 25 to 40 per cent. This in turn might cut farm production by (1) touching off a wave of bankruptcies and farm foreclosures, and (2) putting most remaining farmers in such straitened economic circumstances that they could not obtain the credit they need, or buy new machinery, or otherwise take advantage of the latest technological advances.

No doubt there is a point at which agriculture becomes so financially depressed that output will fall. But is this really the way to solve the problem? Unhappily, a 25 to 40 per cent income cut would leave the average family-farmer sagging against the ropes, with only the biggest, most highly mechanized farmer able to carry on at reasonable income levels.

If farm income were already at satisfactory levels, a decline of 25 to 40 per cent might be looked upon with somewhat greater equanimity. But returns to farm labor and management in 1957 approximated only 69 cents an hour, compared to $2.07 an hour for workers in manufacturing concerns. And the average income of the 2.2 million most productive American farmers in 1956 was about $1,500 less than that of the average non-farm family. For the other 2.6 million farms, incomes from all sources fall far below urban levels (about 1.5 million net less than $1,500 a year). Under these conditions, a major reduction in farm income can be regarded only as a major disaster.

CONGRESS has other alternatives, of course, than a refurbished Brannan Plan. Some economists insist that overproduction will be with us until Congress musters the courage to take some sixty to seventy million acres of land permanently out of production. Land retirement on this scale would admittedly be a costly operation, but spending billions to solve the surplus problem might be preferable to spending billions not solving it, proponents declare. Even Secretary Benson is reportedly preparing to recommend further enlargement of the land-retirement program. This could be done by expanding the "conservation reserve" residue of the "soil bank," which has already retired about twenty-three million acres of relatively poor and unproductive land.

BUT SUCH a plan, applied on a sufficiently grand scale to eliminate surpluses, would create some serious problems of its own. As long as land retirement affects only the poorest land, it makes only a minor dent in the surplus stockpile. But when it begins to embrace more productive land, two things happen: (1) costs rise steeply and (2) small-town merchants in areas heavily affected by the program experience a local depression because purchases of machinery, feed, seeds, fertilizers, etc. fall off sharply. Solving the surplus problem by depressing the income of thousands of small businessmen is not an attractive solution, as Congress concluded when it killed the acreage-reserve program in 1958, largely because this unexpected side-effect emerged in so many Southern states.

A further complication lies in public resentment of programs which enable farmers to place their entire farms in a soil bank while they slip off to Florida and live off their federal rent checks. This goes against the grain of farmers and city folks alike and constitutes a formidable barrier to important extensions of the program. An alternative might be a federal *purchase* program, but this would involve a staggering initial investment.

Congress might also revive, in some form or other, the 1958 proposal of the National Conference of Commodity Organizations for dealing with the disturbing increase in feed-grain supplies. The NCCO suggested that farmers be paid from surplus grain stocks for retiring a substantial percentage of their acreage from feed-grain production. This would slacken current feed grains output and reduce government holdings without obliging farmers who feed their grain on the farm to cut back livestock production. This program (which actually originated among career men in the Department of Agriculture) has considerable merit and there is a good chance it will be given a trial one of these days.

IT IS probable, however, that none of these programs will satisfy Congress or the Democratic Presidential candidate in 1960. Indications are that Senate Democrats (led by Senators Hubert Humphrey and Herman Talmadge) will eventually rally behind a modified Brannan Plan which will guarantee farmers producing major commodities 90 or 100 per cent of parity-income protection on that portion of their output which is used for domestic consumption. To prevent large producers from gorging at public expense, a fairly low ceiling on total payments to any individual would be established.

For example, under the plan wheat producers would sell their wheat in the open market for whatever it would bring. But if only 70 per cent of the total national production is consumed domestically, the individual producer would get a federal check for the difference between the market price and a price equaling 90 or 100 per cent of parity on only 70 per cent of his wheat up to a maximum payment of $12,500 per farmer (this ceiling is some 50 per cent below the figure suggested by Brannan in 1949). Since farmers net from 35 to 40 per cent of their gross, the plan would provide income protection up to $4,000 to $5,000 per farmer, while leaving the big producer to shift for himself in a free market to whatever extent his annual sales exceeded $12,500.

The ceiling is an eminently sensible device. One of the glaring defects of the farm program to date has been its tendency to lavish federal aid on those who need it least, while providing precious little help for those who need it most. And while it is true that American farm income is generally inadequate, scores of thousands of farmers have been and are doing very well indeed. Some of them rake in scandalous sums from the federal government. Helping reasonably efficient family-farmers to ob-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tain incomes comparable to those of manufacturing workers can be defended; using factory wage earners' taxes to put many farmers on easy street cannot.

Of crucial importance, also, is the fact that a low ceiling would keep total farm-program costs at levels the taxpayer could afford to pay.

THE PURPOSES of the Democratic plan are fairly obvious. It would eliminate most of the present system of agricultural-production controls. It would halt most government purchases of surplus farm commodities. It would protect the family farm while preventing the biggest and wealthiest farmers from plundering the public treasury. It would put a stop to the nonsensical practice of using tax money to raise the price of food (which the price-support system does). It would reduce inflationary pressures. It would encourage a major shift toward livestock farming, thereby diminishing the huge stockpile of feed grains and cutting the price of meat to the housewife without breaking the livestock farmer in the process.

And, of special interest to Messrs. Humphrey and Talmadge, it might go a long way toward cementing the Democratic Party's hold on the affections of the family farmer.

Would such a plan have a chance in Congress, considering the rude reception the Brannan Plan received in 1949? At the time it was proposed, the plan ignited the most intense hostility of the Farm Bureau, the Republican Party and virtually every conservative newspaper, magazine and organization in the country. CIO Political Action Committee support for it was effectively used by labor's enemies to prove the plan's sinister character. Every epithet in the arsenal of political abuse was hurled at Brannan (although it might be noted that Brannan often gave even better than he got). Southern Democrats finally broke ranks under the massive propaganda bombardment and joined the GOP in plumping for 90 per cent of parity-price supports as an alternative to a trial run for the plan.

Things are different today. For one thing, Brannan invited legitimate criticism by calling for farm-income protection tied to the inflated farm-income levels of World War II. This cost him the support of many responsible groups which found the plan attractive in other respects. Moreover, the Farm Bureau has less influence with Congress than it had in 1949, and it has lost a valuable ally in the National Grange. The ranks of the GOP have been heavily depleted in recent years and further thinning may lie ahead in 1960.

Finally, Southern legislators are much less likely to defect from a Brannan-type plan these days. For several years the South has been ready to accept a free-market, direct-payment plan for cotton, and only Benson's adamant opposition has prevented it from becoming enacted into law. Not only will Senator Talmadge (who has already introduced a Brannan-type bill) help hold the South in line, but Lyndon Johnson is known to be sympathetic to a farm program of this general character. Johnson presumably realizes that it can be helpful in preventing a party split in 1960, and he is anxious to latch on to any policy which can provide a bond between the southern and northern wings of the party.

No one can predict just what will happen in 1960, but something big is almost sure to shape up on the farm front. Whatever its anatomy, it can hardly fail to improve upon the crippled critter Benson rides today.

NEW WONDER of the NILE . . *by Desmond Stewart*

Aswan, Egypt

ASWAN AND LUXOR were the resorts of the rich. Even today the Cataract Hotel or the Winter Palace have a grandiosity, an overstuffed comfort, that recall long-staying, lordly-tipping visitors. The valley and the red, decisive hills, the polished black stumps of granite that puncture the Nile—these retain their beauty. The climate is still rainless and sunbright all winter. But the tourists who have packed the hotel rooms this season put in an average of twenty-nine hours in Aswan and carry German passports. (A *Herr Doktor* with a limp lectures his forty victims as they eat their post-Cromer supper. *"So, Morgen Fruh mussen wir. . . ."* I, too, have to listen.) The last airplane to use the old Aswan airport carried the corpse of the Aga Khan; his sandstone mausoleum on the west bank, just above his smaller villa, imitates a Fatimid mosque in Cairo.

Nor are the targets of tourism the same as in the past, when a leisurely *felucca* to Philae, or a stroll among the exotic flowers and trees on Kitchener Island, was the prelude to the Edwardian tea. Elephantine Island and the granite quarries with the unfinished obelisk are visited, but they have been dwarfed by newer sights. The visitor is now taken to see, around this small Nile township at the gateway to Africa, industrial projects that will transform the Aga Khan's retreat into the Birmingham of the Arab East within ten years: despite the remoteness from Cairo, despite the summer heat (by ten in the morning the steel wall of a gasometer becomes untouchable).

With a certain pique, the West has ignored the increasing industrialization of Egypt, though occasional critics have complained that the steel now being produced at Helwan (from ores mined here at Aswan) is either not needed, or is too expensive to present an economic competition with imported steel. But to the visitor the development of Aswan is pyramid-obvious, and its usefulness to the national economy evident. The most impressive project that I have seen anywhere in the Near East is

DESMOND STEWART, British journalist, is the author of the recently published Turmoil in Beirut.

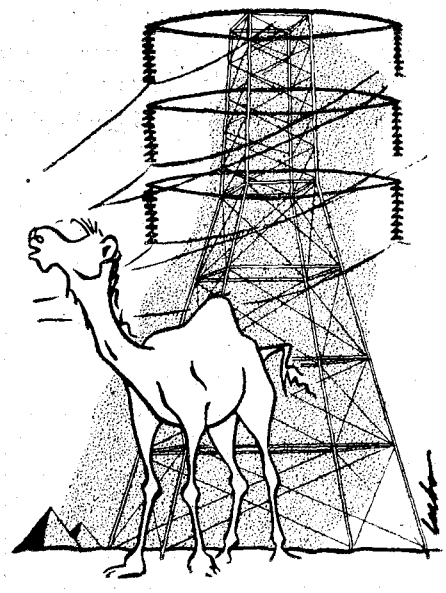
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the new fertilizer factory, rapidly being built on the site of the old airport.

Benefiting at least in this from its late start (there were attempts at industrialization in the nineteenth century, given no helping hand by foreign capital), Egyptian industry has been able to avoid the ugliness and ill-planning of Victorian Europe. What was a bare desert twenty months ago is now a visible nexus of strangely beautiful and gigantic buildings. Nubians in turbans and hitched-up *gallabyas* swarm over wooden scaffoldings in the hot sun. A colony for all the workers involved in the $67 million project was started from the beginning, with air-conditioned three-room flats which will be let for $5.60 a month to workers whose wage will be around $98 a month. Already trees are growing and swimming pools are being dug; a basin of water underlies the terrain, fed from the Nile. The plant will go into production in spring, 1960, and will produce from the start enough nitrate fertilizer to meet the needs of all Upper Egypt and some of the Delta as well; it will save at least $28 million a year of foreign currency; its cheaper price will also mean that the farmer will buy the right quantity for an optimum yield on his land.

When an extension has been added, Egypt will be able to export to the adjoining Sudan as well. What makes this scheme so impressive is that (unlike Helwan, where coke must be imported from abroad), all the ingredients of the fertilizer are to hand, since the chemicals derive from water, air and calcium, and the electric power to fuse them will be generated from the old Aswan Dam.

The electrification of this dam (whose building was one of the solider achievements of the "veiled protectorate") has been discussed in Egypt since the twenties. But, as one Egyptian said to me, "Nothing, literally nothing, was *done* in Egypt for the last thirty years of the monarchy." At first it was thought to put tunnels in the masonry of the dam; but this was discovered to be dangerous to the fabric, and instead a new side dam has been built, with four huge tunnels driven almost a



kilometer through the granite. This autumn, the new powerhouse will begin producing within 15 per cent as much electricity as the total now produced in all Egypt. It gives an idea of the magnitude of the fertilizer factory that it alone will absorb 70 per cent of this power; the rest will largely go to the building of the new High Dam, a few miles south.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC, or angry, words spoken about the High Dam have given it a mythic quality, which makes it strange to be driven to its site, neatly marked in whitewash. I visited it on a morning of high cloud, rare in these parts. There was something Gothic for a moment about the Nile, which here shakes off its snakeskin of fertility and flows through somber cliffs of high, bare granite. A tiny *felucca* far below caught the northern breezes on its sail and moved south against the stream. It was like a more barren Loch Ness, about five hundred yards wide. The engineer whose jeep brought me said: "This will not be a dam in the usual sense; rather, an artificial mountain is going to block the Nile, five kilometers long at its crest, twelve hundred meters thick. The Nile will simply stop here. There will be no tunnels through the dam itself. From here north, what we need will flow through tunnels drilled into the banks. Before, we could not store a yearly supply in the Aswan Dam; now we can store for years ahead, so that even if there are successive years of drought we shall have enough. No water need flow into the sea."

Already the approach roads have been made, and on the high, barren uplands of the desert surveyors are laying out a new town. The new airport, one of the largest in the Middle East, received its first plane the day I was there. Work on the High Dam itself will start after the summer floods, in October. The first stage, which is to build two coffer dams, and to drill the seven outlet tunnels in the east bank, will be completed in four years; the water-storage benefits of the dam will then begin to be available, and work has already started on the reclamation of two million acres for which the necessary water will be ready. (At present, about six million acres are cultivated throughout Egypt.) The second stage is the drilling of four tunnels on the west bank to drive the turbines of two gigantic powerhouses, which will supply enough cheap power to electrify the whole Nile Valley as far as Cairo. The engineer in charge, Ahmed Said, who built the Gebel Awlia Dam in Sudan, told me: "With the Western powers helping us, we could start the second stage simultaneously with the first. Thus the Eastern bloc could have the east bank, the Western bloc the west bank, with five hundred metres of Nile water between, to keep the peace."

THIS creative project, which will benefit the Sudan as much as Egypt, which will add an average of $28 per head to the national income of the country, has been attacked by the unthinking as some modern equivalent of the megalomania of Rameses the Second. The sudden (and surely unpolitic, if political) decision not to finance it was the indirect cause of the tragedy of Suez, in which sums far greater than those involved in the High Dam were squandered in making enemies and losing influence. The United States, which played the major role in this decision, but which regained popularity for its stand against the Suez war, has not shown any recent sympathy for either the High Dam

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

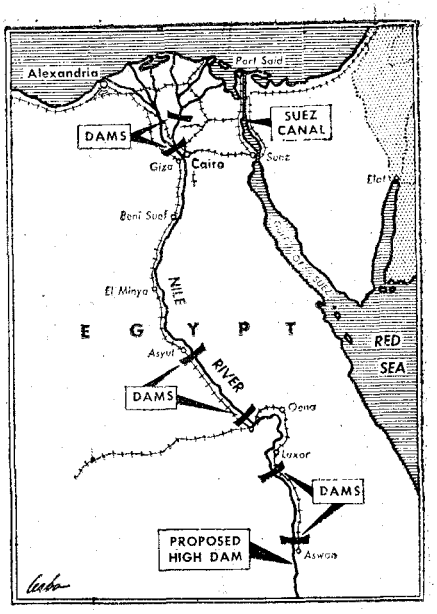
or the other schemes that depend on it. Yet the High Dam project was planned carefully, and was endorsed in November, 1954, by the Board of International Consultants. The engineers whose delicately perfect blueprints I saw in Ahmed Said's office belong to a British firm of renown.

Anyone with a sense of Western interests in the Middle East must regret that among the cosmopolitan pioneers who are transforming Aswan there are many Germans, Swedes, Italians, even Frenchmen, but few British or Americans. For there are three compelling reasons why the whole West should participate, and on a large scale, in this achievement.

First, the High Dam is the most spectacular engineering enterprise (sputniks apart) being undertaken on the planet. It is an enterprise of life and death to a country whose influence in the Afro-Asian world is almost as great as that of India herself. The public interest in this dam will become greater as it takes shape and as its benefits become tangible. For the West to be associated in this scheme would be worth many orbiting satellites, or British Royal visits.

Second, the High Dam is a symbol of industrial progress for all underdeveloped countries. Only industrial progress, it is believed, can solve the major African and Asian problem: poverty. The only question in the popular mind: which system, East or West, can best provide factories, dams and electric power? The High Dam is being built by a country which has as definitely repudiated communism as it has opposed imperialism. Thus it is a supreme opportunity for the West to show that it is not true, as some nationalists and all Communists allege, that it will bestow *baksheesh,* but will never provide the means by which these backward countries can become self-reliant and economically independent. (The charge of Fidel Castro, that American capitalism will never provide Latin America with factories, is echoed against British capitalism throughout Asia and Africa.) Western participation in a scheme which will certainly lead to the greater industrialization of Egypt would show that the Western countries do not seek to keep underdeveloped countries as producers of nothing but raw materials which can be processed in Manchester and Pittsburgh. The effect of such a demonstration would be as profound as the evacuation of India, or the Marshall Plan.

Third, the High Dam will produce the power that its sponsors predict; it will increase the national income of Egypt; it will put more money into the pockets of ordinary Egyptians, and more power plugs into their homes. This increased prosperity will mean a far greater market for imported goods. Whether the Western share of this market will be that of the lion or the mouse must depend to a great extent on the good will felt for the West inside Egypt.



The good will is already there; the Nile-Hilton Hotel is full of American tourists; American films are more popular than those from Russia; there are still a thousand bonds of friendship between individuals from the West and individuals in Egypt; the good will gained for America at the time of Suez has not been entirely dissipated; the recognition that a majority of the British opposed their own government remains. Excellent opportunities therefore exist for the consolidation of a new relationship based on mutual respect and mutual advantage.

And on a more emotional level, it would be a pity if the only Anglo-Saxons at Aswan were the ghosts of whist players in the millionaires' hotel.

THE TAX THAT DOESN'T TAX . . *by John C. Bowen*

IT IS WIDELY believed by Americans that confiscatory inheritance taxes have seriously curtailed the practice of transferring fortunes from generation to generation, and that the estates of the wealthy are being broken up.

The truth is that the yields from current federal estate and gift taxes are trifling. Recent studies by Raymond W. Goldsmith indicate that the total of privately-owned wealth in the United States in 1953 amounted to about $1,000 billion. If we assume that this sum devolves once each thirty-three-year generation to the succeeding generation, then about $30 billion is being transferred annually by gift or by inheritance. But the federal yield from estate and gift taxes in 1953 was $891 million. Thus transfer taxes — as inheritance and gift taxes are called — collected by the federal government equaled 2.9 per cent of the tax base, i.e., the total property transferred in a year.

Applying a similar method to each year since the origin of the law in 1916, we find that the federal transfer taxes have never exceeded 3.5 per cent of the tax base. During periods when the conservatives were strongest in Congress, the federal yield virtually disappeared. At other times, such as the thirties, when some concessions to popular discontent

JOHN C. BOWEN teaches economics at Wayne State University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were judged necessary, the yields reached their trifling maximum. But from the inauguration of the present federal transfer taxes in 1916 to the present day, the main body of privately-owned wealth has been transferred from generation to generation within the framework of the family, with minimal tax impact.

The state transfer taxes have been even more impotent. If we estimate the transfer-tax base by the procedure outlined above, the total yield of all state transfer taxes (estate, inheritance, gifts, etc.) has never exceeded about 1.5 per cent of the property transferred. Currently the states are taxing at a rate of about 0.8 per cent.

The combined yields of all state and federal transfer taxes have never risen above 5 per cent of the transfer-tax base, and currently are less than 4 per cent.

ON PAPER, inheritance and gift tax rates seem to be high; in practice, the tax laws permit widespread avoidance. The method by which this is achieved is hidden in laws which are obscure and incredibly complex. The transfer-tax law is a monument to Vilfredo Pareto, who argued that whether a nation's leaders are selected by democratic process or by violence and fraud, it is inevitably ruled by an elite which gives promises to the many and privileges to the few.

The most important method of excusing the well-to-do from transfer taxes has been by the granting of large exemptions. An unmarried working man must pay income tax on income exceeding $600, but under present federal estate-tax law, a man's estate is entitled to an exemption of $60,000. Moreover, if the decedent was married, he is entitled (in effect) to leave one-half to his wife tax-free, and on her passing she is entitled to her own $60,000 exemption. Thus, through the loophole provided by exemptions alone, a family fortune of $120,000 may pass from one generation to another without payment of any tax.

It is a widespread misconception — even among people who should know better — that a large share of the national privately-owned wealth is held by "millionaires." But a study of the distribution of the present $1,000 billion or so in privately-owned wealth reveals that about 72 per cent is held in family estates of $120,000 or less. Thus the $60,000 federal estate-tax exemption alone excludes nearly three-fourths of the wealth eligible for taxation.

The estate-tax exemption is only the beginning, however. Each person is also entitled to a $30,000 exemption for gifts made during his or her lifetime. Again, if the wealth-holder is married, the exemption is in effect doubled to $60,000. Also, under the gift-tax provision, the wealth-holder is entitled to give away an additional $3,000 annually to each of any number of donees. If he is married, he has again a double annual exclusion of $6,000 per year.

Thus a married man with three children, with only a little forethought, could transfer tax-free to his children by bequest and gift $450,000 as follows:

Husband's estate exemption	$ 60,000
Wife's estate exemption	60,000
Husband's gift exemption	30,000
Wife's gift exemption	30,000
Husband's annual exclusion for 15 years to each of 3 donees	135,000
Wife's annual exclusion for 15 years to each of 3 donees	135,000
	$450,000

It may be estimated that family estates of $450,000 or less comprise 87 per cent of all privately-owned wealth in the United States.

The solicitude of the lawmakers for the welfare of the well-to-do has not been confined to generous exemptions. The rate schedule for the estate tax, which prominently displays a 77 per cent rate on taxable estate in excess of $10,000,000, takes only 3 per cent of the first $5,000 of net estate *after exemption*. Not until the net estate after exemption exceeds $50,000 is a marginal rate as high as 25 per cent applied. Since, by the use of estate-splitting between husband and wife and the judicious distribution of gifts, an estate may in effect be divided into four estates (two subject to estate tax, two to gift tax), here is another $200,000 subject to only modest taxation.

For those so wealthy that exemptions and a weak rate schedule in the initial brackets are not adequate, the law provides a variety of loopholes, well known to tax attorneys. Estates may be left in trust to grandchildren (or sometimes even more remote descendants) with income for life to one's children. By this device, one or more inter-generation transfer taxes may be skipped completely. Unlimited amounts may be left to charity tax-free, although the beneficiary institution may or may not be one which a majority of voters are interested in supporting. Sometimes these charitable gifts and bequests are but the flimsiest subterfuges for retaining family control of fortunes.

There are, of course, other loopholes in the law, such as those allowing for the creation of trusts and foundations. But the importance of these "dodges" is not nearly commensurate with the publicity given them. The writer estimates that 77.5 per cent of the tax base, so far as transfer taxes are concerned, is excluded through exemptions alone, so there isn't too much wealth left that requires the use of trusts and foundations as tax-avoidance devices. Reliable estimates would indicate that 2.3 per cent of the base escapes taxation through the trust device, and perhaps 2.3 per cent through the use of foundations (an indication in itself that the charities of the well-to-do are greatly exaggerated).

As a result of these provisions, not only is the main bulk of wealth, which is held in small or moderate-sized estates, tax-free, but even the largest estates often pay only nominal taxes. Congress has thoughtfully provided freedom from public scrutiny for estate-tax returns, but one instance where some investigation was possible revealed the transfer of a $1 billion fortune from founder to grandchildren upon total payment of taxes (both state and federal) amounting to only about $50 million — approximately one year's income from the estate.

ALTHOUGH Congress has repeatedly refused to tax transfers effectively, there is no reason why they cannot be so taxed. The British Government, for example, taxes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wealth transfers very efficiently, collecting 19 per cent of the estimated British transfer-tax base. This is five times as much as our government collects.

In our own case, it seems almost certain that, by taxing the lower wealth brackets more severely and tightening up the law, one-third to one-half of total transfers could be collected by the government without impairment of the economy.

A thorough overhaul of our federal and state transfer-tax laws could increase yields from the present $1.3 billion to as much as $6 to $10 billion. With this increased revenue, the inequalities and incentive-robbing features of the present general tax system could be corrected, the numerous regressive excise taxes abolished, or expansion of education and health services financed.

HAS THE COUNTRY'S wealth really been in the process of redistribution, as is so often alleged? If so, it has not been through taxation of transfers. In the first place, total annual transfers amount to 2 per cent, or at the most 3 per cent, of privately-owned wealth. Even if the entire amount of transfers were taxed away, the tax on wealth as a whole would be less than the income from it. In the second place, the actual yield from transfer taxes has been nominal. The present yield of $1.3 billion equals slightly more than one-tenth of 1 per cent of existing privately-owned wealth.

The evidence on changes in the distribution of wealth is sparse. Perhaps the most reliable evidence was assembled by Charles Stewart in 1939.* Concluded Stewart: "Comparing the property pyramid in the United States in 1922 and 1936, one can observe no marked tendency toward increasing or decreasing equality."

The most recent information indicates that one-half of all privately-owned wealth in the United States is held by about 7 per cent of the families, and the bottom 50 per cent of the families own only 5 per cent (see table in the next column).

Distribution of Private Wealth in U.S., 1953

Wealth Bracket ($ thousands)	*Pct. of Total U.S. Families in Bracket*	*Pct. of Total Private Wealth Owned by Bracket*
0—9	57	5.2
9—25	24	20.2
25—49	11	19.9
49—105	5	20.3
105—326	2	19.8
326—1,500	0.3	9.5
Over 1,500	0.02	4.8

Although one hears little of the matter, the possession of wealth is determined to a large degree by inheritance. In 1929, after completing an extensive study, Josiah Wedgwood** estimated that about three-fifths of British private property was inherited from the preceding generation. The present writer has recently attempted some rough estimates of the equivalent statistics in the United States. It appears that in 1948 about 52 per cent of privately-owned wealth had been inherited from the preceding generation. Since most saving is done by upper-bracket income recipients and since a large share of upper-bracket incomes are from property, it is certain that much of the property accumulated by the present generation is also deeply indebted to inheritance.

Such a situation makes a mockery of our pretensions to equality. No more powerful argument can be adduced in favor of transfer taxation than the importance of diminishing the amount of wealth which is transferred by inheritance.

In addition to filling this vital function, transfer taxes have many advantages over other taxes as a means of raising revenue. Economists (except perhaps the most conservative) have pointed out repeatedly that no one can pay taxes with less sacrifice than he who is deceased. The taxes are relatively easy and inexpensive to collect. Unlike most taxes, they have little if any discouraging effect on production (by depriving heirs in the prime of life of unearned income, they may even encourage it). To whatever degree they may succeed in redistributing wealth, they fortify democracy and equality. No tax has ever been devised which pounces with surer hand on wealth and income for which no service has been rendered.

The legislative history of the transfer taxes is not calculated to increase one's faith in the strength of democratic tendencies in American life. While many a Congressman has spoken eloquently in favor of such taxes, when the votes were counted a majority has never been willing to dig deeply into the transfer-tax base.

IT WOULD be reassuring to be able to say that Congressional policy is due to ignorance or oversight. Nothing could be further from the truth. For decades, the few liberal Congressmen in our national legislature have called the deficiencies of the transfer-tax laws to the attention of Congress. Many, many times the Treasury experts (prior to the present Republican Administration) have pointed out weaknesses of the present law to Congressional committees. But even in times of crucial wars, when Congress was almost literally taxing the bread off the tables of the poor, when vast deficits were being accumulated and inflation was raging — even in these dire straits Congress silently but obstinately refused to tax effectively the billions of inherited wealth.

Since World War II, the feeble federal transfer taxes have been enfeebled even more. In 1948, a conservative Congress dealt the law its mightiest blow since the days of Andy Mellon by extending the privileges of community property to estates in every state. In 1950, the conservatives seriously weakened the law with respect to transfers in contemplation of death. In 1954, life insurance was virtually eliminated from the tax base.

As someone remarked in the twenties after a telling raid on the estate tax by Congressional conservatives, the people had received what they voted for. But one might well wonder if very many understood what they were doing when they voted for it.

*Studies in Income and Wealth, Vol. III (New York: National Bureau of Economic Research).

**The Economics of Inheritance, (Penguin Books, Ltd.).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Importance of Saying What Is False

THE LOGIC OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY. By Karl P. Popper. Basic Books. 480 pp. $7.50.

Norwood Russell Hanson

A STATEMENT which is compatible with every possible state of affairs is utterly lacking in factual content. "Everything that happens, happens through Providence" is such a statement. No possible happening could count as evidence against this claim, so it is factually vacuous. It is non-informative because it excludes nothing. Its invulnerability is purchased at the price of emptiness.

This is one of the insights which Karl Popper built into his important book of 1934, *Logik der Forschung*, just translated into English under the title *The Logic of Scientific Discovery*. Strictly speaking, this title does not convey the force of the original German — literally "The Logic of Research" — and in general, it is to be doubted whether Popper even believes in such a thing as a "Logic of Discovery."

Professor Popper has for a generation been pronouncing upon the importance of his early work. *The Logic of Scientific Discovery* now shows to what extent this claim is justified. So much of what Popper had to fight for in the middle thirties has seeped into the philosophical consciousness of the present day, that it is difficult for a contemporary reader fully to feel the power and originality of his work. Popper has himself supervised the translation, which is in itself remarkable for its scrupulous fidelity and painstaking care — qualities which, as another reviewer has observed, are usually reserved for the works of others, not one's own. This fastidiousness, however, has important conceptual consequences. For Professor Popper's decision to render *Logik der Forschung* into English virtually unaltered (save for new footnotes and appendices which presage a new work yet to come) will now allow us all to assess by direct acquaintance the considerable virtues of a work whose reputation in the English-speaking world has been based (to an extent unforgivable in these graceful days of multi-lingual scholarship) largely on rumor, hearsay and some over-enthusiastic proselytizing. And make no mistake; the book *is* important. Let us try cursorily to place Popper's insight within the development of twentieth-century philosophy of science.

The battle of ideas into which Lord Russell rode early in the century was being fought over the nature of *truth*. It was Russell's oft-stated ideal to find criteria which would rigorously distinguish true factual claims from those which were false. He longed to draft the outline of an inventory of *all* statements of fact. Having developed, with Whitehead, a first approximation to a logically perfect language, that of *Principia Mathematica*, Russell sought to harness such a language to the demands of natural science. In all this Russell had been inspired by Ludwig Wittgenstein — who did not himself, however, have Russell's problems. Or rather, Russell's version of Wittgenstein's insights were not such as the latter could recognize as his own. Because Wittgenstein's concern with the problem of *truth* was but tangential to his major concern, *meaning*. He didn't care a jot for the truth-tabulating exercises Russell seemed anxious to undertake in the *Lectures on Logical Atomism*. Wittgenstein wished to know in what the meaning of any proposition, *true or false*, consisted. He was concerned to distinguish the significant from the non-significant, within the class of quasi-factual assertions. Russell and Wittgenstein were studied energetically by those remarkable young men who called themselves "The Vienna Circle."

But, in a sense perhaps exaggerated by Popper, Russell's problems about truth and Wittgenstein's problems about meaning seemed to become conflated in Vienna. That is, the ability to specify what sorts of things would have to happen in order for us to say of a proposition that it was true came to be one of the *desiderata* within the entire cluster of perplexities concerning meaning. In other words, the discovery that an utterance had meaning (at least according to Popper's criticism of the Circle) was just the discovery of what kinds of observations could show it to qualify as *true*. And since all members of the Vienna Circle possessed a working familiarity with the natural sciences, this "verificationist" approach soon came to dominate their discussions of *scientific* utterances, *scientific* laws, principles and theories, and the senses in which they could be said to have meaning — and could be said to be true. Such a genesis for analyses of *scientific* meaning and truth prepared the way for Popper's work — although it must be remarked here that Schlick and Carnap clearly distinguished questions of *truth* from those of *meaning*. "Verifiable" for them always meant "testable" or "verifiable-or-falsifiable." Nonetheless, the fact that Popper did not *think* that they did so is genetically important.

CONSIDER any law of nature, e.g., the law of terrestrial gravitational attraction: *every unsupported body in terrestrial space will move toward the center of the earth*. We are naturally inclined to say of this law both that it has meaning, and that it is true. But why? The law seems to range over an infinite class of possible events. So no finite number of confirmatory instances, i.e., unsupported bodies actually observed to be moving toward the earth's center, would establish the law as true. Indeed, that every unsupported body *has* so moved since observations began, this is quite compatible with the law being grossly false. It is at this point, therefore, that Professor Popper's exploitation of the remarks with which this review began dig in deeply. Because it is a remarkable fact about the logic of unrestricted universal propositions, like *All As are Bs*, that although such a claim can never be completely verified, it is easily falsified. One example of an A *not* being a B — of a certifiably unsupported body in terrestrial space *not* moving toward the earth's center — is all that one needs to shoot the "law" down in flames. And Popper correctly recognizes that the picture of natural scientists laboring like Sisyphus to subsume ever more confirmatory instances beneath a general law is just counterfactual. Did Newton raise the probability of the Law of Terrestrial Gravitation simply by spending whole weekends dropping things? Certainly not! One has a grasp of what such a law statement really means only when one can specify what kind of observation would falsify the claim in question. This, Popper observes, is the semantical

NORWOOD RUSSELL HANSON, professor of philosophy at Indiana University and research professor at the Center for Philosophy of Science at the University of Minnesota, is the author of the recent Patterns of Discovery. **(*Cambridge University Press.*)**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lifeblood of modern science. Because, how is one to know — *simply* from the fact that a given statement of the form *All As are Bs* has been confirmed in a large number of instances — that the claim is not compatible with every happening whatever, as is "Everything that happens, happens through Providence"? One can know this only after trying to imagine what would falsify the claim in question.

AND, in truth, Popper here gives us a way of demarcating genuine sciences from pseudo-sciences. The strict verificationist approach to natural knowledge, would, if unqualified by something like Popper's criterion, allow disciplines like astrology, phrenology and graphology to be quite respectable sciences. No astrologer, for example, has ever been at a loss to specify the sorts of things which, when they happen, tend to reflect credit on his own theories and predictions. But no astrologer seems ever to have been able to say in advance of a detailed prediction precisely what would have to happen in order to show that his theory was completely false. So, similarly, with phrenology and graphology. The followers of such disciplines, in their zeal to gain respect as speakers of truth, seek an invulnerability which, in the long run, makes their utterances compatible with everything which could possibly happen. But a scientific theory *must* be vulnerable. There must be some matters of fact which it excludes; otherwise it remains uninformative and empty. Indeed, this reviewer recently heard the advocate of a new and spectacular physical theory announce with pride that since a certain set of facts had been detected, his theory was *false*. His pride consisted in the fact that this announcement refuted an opponent's claim to the effect that the theory in question was not a *scientific* theory at all.

It is on the basis of this fundamental insight, set out here with the simplicity of caricature, that Professor Popper builds the remainder of a vast and detailed discussion concerned with the foundations of science. He discusses the problem of induction, methodological rules and conventions, causality, explanation, theoretical systems, the nature of theory and experiment, the criterion of simplicity in a scientific theory and the immense questions concerned with the nature of probability. Indeed, Popper carries his discussion into the very depths of the foundations of modern quantum theory. Although this reviewer cannot agree with many of Professor Popper's conclusions as to the nature of quantum theory (cf. *American Journal of Physics*, January 1959), he must nonetheless grant that the arguments have a clarity and force rarely encountered in discussions of this kind.

Without any doubt this is one of the most important books in philosophy of science ever written. We are to be grateful to Professor Popper, and to Basic Books, for making it available to us in our own language.

From God to Sartre

MEMOIRS OF A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER. By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by James Kirkup. The World Publishing Company. 382 pp. $5.

Dilys Laing

THE FRENCH title, *Mémoires d'une jeune fille rangée*, is better. The word *fille* has a wider meaning than daughter, and *rangée* expresses the condition of a young woman brought into line not merely by her mother but by the whole formidable battle array of church and bourgeois society. The mother, as a focus of all that can bring the *jeune fille* into the intolerable subjection of the spirit against which Miss de Beauvoir is revolting, is certainly a dismaying figure. Beside her, the American Mom is an amateur. Mother's Day in France would be Mary's day, and Mary is the Queen of Heaven, whose rule there is no gainsaying. That was true at least in the period between 1908 and 1929 about which Miss de Beauvoir is reminiscing with so much bitterness and clarity.

The book has two main threads: the straightforward autobiographical account of the author's development, and the more novelistic story of her friend Elizabeth (Zaza) Mabille. The two are interwoven in the book as they were in life, and despite the autobiographical obsession with the first person, Zaza turns out to be the heroine of the tale. This element redeems the book from dryness. Without it, the progress of a bluestocking from her white-enameled birthroom in the Boulevard Raspail to the Sorbonne and the company of Sartre would be self-obsessed and tedious.

In Miss de Beauvoir's novel, *The Mandarins*, Henri Dubreuilh says to himself: "To talk about oneself one must talk about everything else." It is a good prescription, but Miss de Beauvoir has difficulty in keeping to it. She is certainly too intelligent to have set out to paint her own portrait without irony, but irony requires lightness, and the heavy literalness of this writing has the effect of antagonizing the reader against her in somewhat the same way as her personality apparently antagonized most of those who knew her in childhood and adolescence. She recalls herself as a noble, serious-minded, introspective, anxious little girl whose imago struggled for years towards its final bursting into the freedom of existentialism. In the end, despite her tentative excursion into a Rimbaudesque "systematic derangement of the senses," she remains a noble, serious-minded, introspective, anxious intellectual. Although her spiritual break from the stiff pattern laid down for her at birth has been complete, in her literary style she remains *rangée*, or conventional. The secular and bourgeois disciplines in which she was formed have, up to this point at least, determined and limited the spread of her wings.

THIS is by no means to underrate the worth of her revolt. It is not narrowly feminist, but the revolt of a member of a submerged class against entrenched deception and abusive power. It is no mere diatribe, but an indignant and telling exposure of a number of conspiracies: the conspiracy of grown-ups against children, of older women against younger women (not of men against women), of the church against liberty of conscience, of bourgeois moralists against woman's right to dispose of her own person. It is a weapon turned against stupidity wherever it appears. Of herself and her sister as schoolgirls, Miss de Beauvoir says: "Stupidity made us laugh. . . . We had to fight against it, or else give up living." The stupidity of her confessor in stepping out of his sacerdotal role and trying to busybody in her private life caused her to abandon him. She says that her friends, "in order to adapt themselves to their role of marriageable young ladies, were beginning to be dull and stupid."

Like all sensitive and intelligent children who find themselves at odds with their inherited environment, she felt alone and rejected. "I sometimes used to tell myself proudly: 'I am different.'" Perhaps it was only the fact that she

---

DILYS LAING is the author of a novel, The Great Year, *and three books of verse*: Another England, Birth Is Farewell *and* Walk Through Two Landscapes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

told herself *proudly* that did in fact make her a little different. On page 202 she says: "No one would take me just as I was, no one loved me; I shall love myself enough, I thought, to make up for this abandonment by everyone." And she did — to the distress of the reader. On page 280 appears the self-depreciation that would have been so welcome earlier: "Loneliness had long ago plunged me into pride. My head was completely turned. Baruzi handed me back my dissertation with copious praise; he gave me an interview after the lecture and sighed out the hope that it might be the basis of an important work. I became swell-headed." On page 365, when she comes into the heady company of her peers and draws exhilarating breaths of intellectual freedom, she can afford at last to be humble: "After so many years of arrogant loneliness, it was something serious to discover that I wasn't the One and Only, but one amongst many, by no means first, and suddenly uncertain of my true capacity. For Sartre wasn't the only one who forced me to take a more modest view of myself. Nizon, Aron, and Politzer were all much further advanced than I was."

Despite her forays into Parisian night life, her controlled experiments with jazz and alcohol, her determined shoulder-rubbing with drunks, bums and perverts — in short, her cautious slumming — Miss de Beauvoir never, in this work, at least, becomes *une fille dérangée*. She remains somewhat the prig, handling life "with kid gloves" as one of her friends remarked. After a prepubescent bout of erotic fantasy and obsession, very quickly over, she seldom permits her body to ruffle the clear surface of her mind.

It is the passionate and piteous story of Zaza that gives human dimension to the book. And it is only in the final chapter that it flares up into catalytic tragedy. It does more to make Miss de Beauvoir's point than do all her analysis and narcissism, and displays a fictional power not achieved in *The Mandarins*. It would be as wrong to divulge here the crime against Zaza as to reveal the end of a novel. But it can be said that it was committed by her parents in the name of parental authority upheld by the whole rigid structure of their moribund society. The guilt of it is shamelessly admitted by her father in words of intended comfort to her mother: "We have only been instruments in God's hands." That they were instruments of torture — of inquisition — he does not appear to understand.

No Lorgnette for Bessie

CHICAGO REVIEW ANTHOLOGY. Edited by David Ray. University of Chicago Press. 252 pp. $5.

Nelson Algren

A NOVELIST of Chicago's Old Southside (now long-gone from anyone's old southside), when assured by a publisher that "This isn't what we need," once replied, "It isn't what you need but it's what you damn well get." He thus afforded us a distinction between the journalist, who accommodates his publisher, and the serious artist, who, like Willa Cather's Nebraska farmers, "has one tap-root that goes down deep."

In a strangely humorous essay on the role of the writer, written just before his death (and presented in this anthology), the late Isaac Rosenfeld undertook to reaffirm Richard Wright's above-cited attitude. But where Wright had had a platform to stand on and people behind him facing a deteriorating economy, Rosenfeld faced an economy expanding like opening day at a supermart, with nobody behind him and literally no place to stand. If a man can die for lack of a place to stand, Rosenfeld did. He must have felt like the loneliest prophet in town.

Yet he affirmed the writer's place to be above and against the commercial enterprise: "that whole fantastic make-believe of buying and selling they would have us believe is the real world." He knew that the artist is the man who endures society's hostility and even its scorn, in order to point out the sickness at its heart. And went out saying, It isn't who you are that counts but how you look to me.

Rosenfeld perceived that though nobody was going to pinch a good artist for standing in disdain of the commercial culture, yet there would come a friend, complacent yet affable, to invite the reluctant stiff out for a spin and try to talk sense into him: "You too can own a Caddy convertible so pink it will put an Easter egg to shame. You too can drink the coffee celebrities drink and go to parties with the swells. You too can have a ready answer to everything. Be a live wire. How do you *know* you can't write? All we ask is that you wear the same sort of suit other fellows in philosophy and women's wear are sporting this season. Try it on just for size. Isn't that better? Now how about taking that opening at Columbia teaching Non-Conformity? Applicants will be carefully screened." Poor Rosenfeld.

In editing the present volume David Ray has sustained the position of Wright and Rosenfeld so skillfully that the volume's total impact is greater than the sum of its parts, devoted to satire, drama, poetry, criticism and short fiction. New writers such as Ballenger and Mathews are well-balanced by others more widely known.

"Busse's World Theatre," by Walter Toman, possesses the hard ring of permanence and the true shine of style. It has wit. It tells a story, moves like music, makes a biting social comment and is as actable as a comedy. That safety-belt editors rejected Toman's magic fables is easy to believe; they work on the street where the day's salutation is "Good morning, why should *I* stick *my* neck out?" And in Toman, as plainly as in a Toulouse-Lautrec, the personality breaks through the work to say, "This isn't what you rang for, but it's what you've damn well got." As one reads on in the volume it becomes increasingly clear that the journalist is the man who accommodates his publisher while the artist is the man who accommodates only his own tap-root.

I USED to accommodate *Downbeat* by sending my laundry there but when the bundle came back with Xavier Cugat's shorts I switched to Adams and Park. Adams and Park isn't a street intersection, but a writing team, and what the team writes about is The State of the Jazz Lyric. They are presently engaged in a study of Chicago Dixieland to be called *Jazz, Ltd.*

Plainly Adams and Park are from the character side of town and are laying for one Nat Hentoff, a *Downbeat* graduate who has been lately grieving because jazz "is a tongue alien to the country's intellectuals" — a circumstance that would strike many as a pretty piece of luck, but which Mr. Hentoff finds unbearable. Jazz, he feels, deserves the *highly serious* consideration of undergrads as well as overgrads; who, by enhancing its prestige, would draw a better class of customer. That is something jazz needs precisely the way Miss Chippie Hill, after singing "If I Can't Sell It I'll Keep Settin' on It, I Just Won't Give It Away," needs to have her sentiments explained by

NELSON ALGREN, author of The Man with the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side, *frequently reviews books for* The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mortimer Adler. Indeed, Mr. Hentoff looms as the Adler of Jazz. Since Dr. Adler is already the Lawrence Welk of the philosophy trade, this looks like a nice shift for everyone.

I happened to be behind the piano the night Mr. Hentoff tried to make Miss Bessie Smith put on a lorgnette before he'd let her sing "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," and I can testify that when Adams and Park say that jazz should be kept in the kitchen, Adams and Park are one hundred per cent right. Look what happened to Mark Twain when they got him working for the dining-room crowd. Someone is always trying to slip a lorgnette onto somebody to draw the better class of customer.

BUT the boys have found out that the wellsprings of jazz, like those of the novel and the dance, are not in those conferences of summer where pleasant people confer pleasantly on Creativity in Art. Somehow they know — though how they know I'm sure I don't know, because it wasn't me that snitched — that what goes on in art in America has nothing to do with what goes on in the deeps of that old dim mouldering crypt, where rear-echelon radicals slip at last to rest, called *Partisan Review*. They know too that salvation is not in mystic lispers making a cult of incoherence, representing the damned.

But in the truly damned: in those whose name is a numbered door. The woman in the back booth whom O'Neill named Anna Christie or the one down that sad Chicago Street whom Dreiser called Sister Carrie. In Catfish Row or Desire Street or on the outskirts of Winesburg, in that hour when the last gas-lamp makes the whole town look hired, is the true forging place and the forging hour of all our arts. And the man who speaks for the damned is never the smiling packager of other men's ideas, never the old Brooklyn Bolshevik weary of wars he never went to, nor yet the kneeling cat asking God's forgiveness for all men. It is always the damned man who speaks for the damned. The one who, struggling up off his knees, tells God that we forgive Him.

By a courageous use of fiction that frightened the safety-belt wonders, David Ray has succeeded in putting together an anthology that sustains the role assumed by Wright and Rosenfeld. It is not only a singular service to American letters, but serves, however accidentally, as a fitting commemorative to Isaac Rosenfeld.

Stravinsky Without Myth

CONVERSATIONS WITH IGOR STRAVINSKY. By Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Doubleday & Co. 162 pp. $4.

Donald Richie

WHEN recently in Japan, Stravinsky — a bit weary of endless references to *The Firebird* and only that; a bit perturbed at having at least one society lady approach with effusively shared regard for the serenade for strings (she'd seen the ballet too, she said); a bit upset because the leading local paper referred to *Threni* as *Three Japanese Lyrics*—said: "Everyone knows my name and that is all. No one hardly knows my music. I am very old. I am a monument."

He might have added that, if everyone knows his name, almost no one at all knows what kind of person he is. As the greatest living composer, what he is like is completely unknown except to those few fortunate enough to have met him and those even fewer who really, without prior judgment, listen to his music. Stravinsky is swathed in legend.

To be sure, part of it is of his own

LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED

A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS

By RICHARD LEWINSOHN, M.D., author of *Animals, Men and Myths*

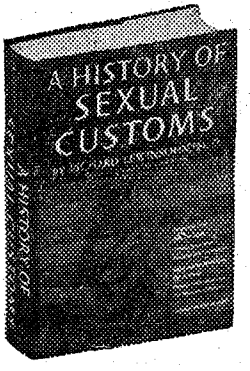
SEX, while one of the shorter words in the language, has perhaps been the subject of more discussion than any other aspect of human behavior. Dr. Lewinsohn is not interested in worrying the subject in the ways that have lately become so familiar. His approach is not statistical, not psychoanalytic. It is historical. He traces, with documentation and detachment, the story of human sex-life in relation to the arts, the social structure, law, medicine, superstition and customs, historical change. He shows that laws and social customs have influenced man's sex life as much as his sex life has influenced them.

Some of the aspects discussed

Polygamy • Ovid on Free Love • The Mysteries of Pompeii • The Anti-Feminist Revolution • The Office of the Eunuch • Temple Prostitues • Police State and Romance • Aesthetics and Sex • Suttee and the Art of Love • Intercourse with the Devil • Victories of Knowledge.

Highly recommended

ABRAHAM STONE, M.D., author of *A Marriage Manual* and other books, has this to say of the approach, purpose and value of A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS: "Dr. Lewinsohn's book is a sober, dignified and scholarly presentation . . . a very valuable contribution to our understanding of sex mores and sex behavior in the history of man." ASHLEY MONTAGU, author of *The Cultured Man* and other books, calls A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS "an absorbingly enlightening book . . . will assist us to understand the meaning of our existing sexual customs better than we might otherwise have done, and enable us to participate in the inevitable changes with a deeper understanding." You may obtain a copy of A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS, handsomely illustrated with 32 pages of photographs and 16 in-text drawings, at your bookstore or by mailing the coupon below.



10 DAYS FREE EXAMINATION

HARPER & BROTHERS, 51 E. 33 St., N.Y. 16 5116K

Gentlemen: Please send me A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS for 10 days' free examination. Within that time I will either remit $5.95 plus a few cents mailing charges or return the book.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

SAVE! Enclose payment and we will pay mailing charges. Same return privileges.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weaving. He guards his privacy, he loathes publicity, and surely no one has written so opaquely uninformative an autobiography as the *Chroniques de ma Vie*. On the other hand, it is not all his fault, particularly the more damaging parts of the legend, those which have had such a disastrous effect on critic and public alike: Stravinsky, the cerebral genius, sitting among meticulously ruled manuscripts like a chemist among his flasks; the magician, conjuring heartless orchestral effects while inspecting the soundproofing of his cell; the penurious, counting his loot and making life miserable for unwary publishers; Stravinsky the arrogant, Stravinsky the hyper-intellectual, Stravinsky the cold.

All these legends have at one time been rampant and, like all legends, they are lies. There have, however, been attempts at redress. One of the best was Minna Lederman's Stravinsky issue of *Dance Index*, a compilation by people who knew what they were talking about. Most others, however — the Frank Onnen book, even the Tansman, valuable as it is, and that absurd book by the composer's son, Theodore — have been content to retain at least parts of the myth. How it got started is anyone's guess. Personally, *j'accuse* Jean Cocteau, specifically *Coq et Harlequin*.

BUT all such discussions have happily become academic with the issue of the wonderful series of conversations between Stravinsky and Robert Craft. They are wonderful for a number of reasons: they give completely invaluable insight into the process of composition in general, Stravinsky's in particular; they tell more about music and musicians than any other work, and the telling ranges from illuminating commentary to the raciest kind of gossip; and — perhaps most important — they present Stravinsky as he really is.

An example of the directness and honesty of the composer is his answer to being asked what theory is in musical composition: "Hindsight. It doesn't exist. There are compositions from which it is deduced. . . ." He answers the vexed question of whether or not he works at the piano. He does, for an "exploration of possibilities," and this should silence that school which holds "composing at the piano" as a sin against the Holy Ghost. He is also utterly direct (and more often than not funny) about himself. When Craft asks him about the function of *ostinati*, the composer replies, and one can hear the wry tone: ". . . it became a vitiating device and was at one time over-employed by many of us." Craft questions him about music used as accompaniment to recitation, as in *Persephone*, and he answers: "Do not ask. Sins cannot be undone, only forgiven."

He is equally just and amusing about some of his fellow musicians: Reger ("He and his music repulsed me in about equal measure"); Vivaldi (" . . . a dull fellow who could compose the same form so many times over"); Chaliapin ("That idiot from every nonvocal point of view"); Rachmaninoff ("He was a six-and-a-half-foot-tall scowl").

This is the authentic accent, for though Stravinsky can and does praise (see his remarks on Gesualdo, on Mozart, Debussy, Ravel, Schoenberg and Webern), he is the last man in the world to be taken in by cant, musical or otherwise. To his list I add a pearl dropped in Tokyo. Someone was talking about Messiaen; Stravinsky, after a moment's thought, said: "Messiaen! He is a great crucifix made of sugar."

Another fact that the book makes clear is that some of the famous parts of the Stravinsky legend are canards, vile and otherwise, and they often include others than the composer himself. The most dramatic is the refutation of the Cocteau tale about what the principals did after the première of *Le Sacre*. "So far from weeping and reciting Pushkin in the Bois de Boulogne as the legend is, Diaghilev's only comment was 'Exactly what I wanted.' He certainly looked contented."

What emerges, page by page, is that, whereas the general public and naturally the critics (who "are not even equipped to judge one's grammar . . . [who] misinform the public and delay comprehension") have been taken in by the Stravinsky legend, anyone who has met him, who knows him, sees its stupidity. The conversations also contain a number of letters (from Debussy, Ravel, Dylan Thomas, Jacques Rivière) which one and all attest to the affection with which these men held Stravinsky.

What emerges — a tribute both to Stravinsky's honesty and to Craft's subtle and tactful perception — is very clearly what Christopher Isherwood once called "the other most lovable man I have ever met" (the first was E. M. Forster), a composer who knows precisely who he is and what he is doing and who yet retains humility and enthusiasm: a man of the Mozart stamp.

This book therefore is the first document in a long-needed reëvaluation of Stravinsky, man and composer. It will help sweep away those myths which entangle themselves about even lesser men; it will make impossible the unwitting cant of such critics as Winthrop Sargeant, and the other Orville Prescotts of musical criticism, who find his music "cold" and "intellectual" — music, incidentally, which for warmth, spontaneity and vitality is not matched in this century; and when all the evidence is finally displayed (for Craft and Stravinsky have enough material for at least two more books and if Doubleday doesn't issue them it will constitute a near criminal act) even Stravinsky himself, though old and a monument, will no longer have the right to complain that he and his music are unknown.

DONALD RICHIE lives in Japan. His Japanese Film *(with Joseph Anderson) will be published soon by Tuttle; he is completing a volume on Japan for Macmillan's Land and Peoples series.*

FREE

THE NATION Index

In response to many requests from subscribers who bind their copies of *The Nation*, or who file them, we are prepared to furnish free the current index — January-June, 1959 — when it comes off the press.

Make your request by postcard to Miss Blanche Martinek, The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y. 14, N.Y. The indexes appear half-yearly. If you want to receive them on a permanent basis, please indicate.

This offer is valid for subscribers only.

Lawrence Encircled

D. H. LAWRENCE: A COMPOSITE BIOGRAPHY. Vol. III. 1925-1930. By Edward Nehls. University of Wisconsin Press. 767 pp. $7.50.

Richard Schickel

IT IS now almost thirty years since D. H. Lawrence died, and of the making of books about him it had seemed that there would be no end. But now the University of Wisconsin Press has published the third, and last, volume of Edward Nehls's composite biography. It is, surely, the crest of the Lawrence flood. Where is there to go now? Nehls has gathered every scrap of material not previously made public, has persuaded previously silent members of the Lawrence circle to speak up, has judiciously selected excerpts from published works for inclusion here and mortared the whole structure together with Lawrence's own autobiographical

RICHARD SCHICKEL is on the staff of a national magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writing (almost none of it from his published work).

The result is a collection of narratives, tributes, reminiscences and rages that is the definitive Lawrence biography. It totals 1918 pages. Its scholarly apparatus is awe-inspiring, as is the range of opinion expressed about the too-frequent Phoenix. It is one of the great reading adventures of recent times, principally because of the technique developed by Professor Nehls for presentation of his mountain of material.

He has simply placed it all in chronological order, unobtrusively edited. He has not intruded with a single opinion or judgment. So what we have, in effect, are a biographer's notes, thousands upon thousands of 3x5 file cards, all neatly typed and annotated, spread out before us. We are invited to thumb through the cards and draw our own conclusions about the character and personality of Lawrence.

THERE is material enough here to support any interpretation of Lawrence you care to make; fool or genius, madman or Messiah, lost soul or working-class boy on the make. The simplest thing you can say about him is that he was a complex personality, and perhaps the truest thing you can say is that, at one time or another, he was everything everyone said about him. But an essential Lawrence does emerge from Mr. Nehls's three-volume welter, and one of the things that makes it such an adventure is watching this cream rise to the top. All the petty gossip in the world can't keep it down.

The inevitability of this process, however, does not totally release the reader from the obligation of engagement in *D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography,* and it is that necessity for attention that makes it the adventure it is. Nearly everyone who ever passed Lawrence in the street has had a go at analyzing him. Artists, intellectuals, public school *littérateurs*, school chums, menopausal ladies, neurotics, neo-Fascists, businessmen and Buddhists—they are all here. A few seemed to catch the Laurentian essence, a larger number caught a part of it, but hating him, willfully misinterpreted him. Others, given their backgrounds, couldn't possibly get him right. And there is a large group, surprisingly obvious, who have taken the posthumous opportunity to return some Laurentian slight by slandering him, or sneering at him, although, in all fairness, it must be said that Lawrence's personality made their task easy for them. In some cases, they would have needed to be saints not to have written as they did about him.

But the great thing about Nehls's technique is that no omniscient hand has smoothed away these rough edges. There is nothing to save the memorialists from themselves. (One suspects that a good number of them, now seeing themselves—not Lawrence—exposed in print, wish Mr. Nehls had never written to them.) This is sometimes cruel, often funny, now and then, alas, a little boring, but the total effect is to give us a portrait not only of the artist, but of the society in which he moved. The technique is impressionistic, but the result is a true and living portrait.

LETTER from YUGOSLAVIA

Gerald Sykes

THE FIRST question asked me here was about our "beatniks." I was discussing American literature at the University of Zagreb, where the English department is the second largest in the liberal arts college. The word raised a titter in the crowded lecture hall, perhaps because "beatnik" sounds almost Serbo-Croatian. Also perhaps because the state of mind it suggests seemed exotic in a police state which of late is relaxing its discipline, and now makes welcome at least some foreign ideas, but which still cannot afford or even imagine a domestic crop of "dharma bums." The question may have been asked by a party member, to call attention to what he considered a "decadent" phase of our culture, but if so, the questioner expressed himself satisfied with an explanation that cited our literary protestants of all eras, not only Jack Kerouac but Henry Miller and Ernest Hemingway and Sherwood Anderson and even Herman Melville, as a healthy response of counter-conformism, the Ishmaelites among the satisfied.

Despite the excessive border formalities, it had been pleasant to come here from Austria: from a land where young people seem seriously handicapped by over-respect for the baroque past. Life is considerably more difficult here, but it seems more exciting. Living space is so scarce that a well-paid secretary has to pass through six doors, unlocking and locking each one of them, if she wants to go to the toilet; while a highly respected professor dare not add a needed study to his very small apartment, lest the small two-family house, which still belongs to his wife, be confiscated and made still more inadequate. (His mother-in-law lives with him. "Thank God! We could never raise our children without her. A mother-in-law is the best possession you can have. My wife works too, and soon she will have to take a second job, if we are to keep our heads above water.") Salaries are low, and more than forty per cent is withheld for income tax, social security, hospitalization, etc. Nevertheless, there is an atmosphere of hope here that I did not find in Austria, at least among the young and middle-aged people to whom I spoke. I cannot report on their elders.

The strong central state appears to have made no impression at all on intramural nationalistic sentiments. At Zagreb I was introduced to *Croatian* writers, *Croatian* painters, *Croatian* students; at Ljubljana to *Slovenian* writers, *Slovenian* painters, *Slovenian* students. (In different languages too.) The word *Yugoslav* was scarcely ever heard, and when used at all seemed to be almost an equivalent for "Big Brother," a term still good for a nervous laugh among intellectuals. Both of the northern republics of Slovenia and Croatia, theoretically as autonomous as Swiss cantons, with legislatures as well

GERALD SYKES, novelist and critic, is the author of The Nice American, The Center of the Stage *and* The Children of Light.

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our successful authors in a complete publishing program: publicity, advertising, lovely books. Send for FREE manuscript report and copy of How To Publish Your Book.

COMET PRESS BOOKS
Write Dept. NA-6
200 Varick Street, New York 14

Buy Your Books
through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks) at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible.

Please address your orders to

Miss O. LePach
THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

PINECREST IN THE BERKSHIRES
W. Cornwall, Conn. : On Housatonic River
A delightful vacation resort near Tanglewood, Music Mt., Summer Theatres. Sandy beach, swimming, fishing, boating; tennis, badminton, ping-pong. Lovely lawns for relaxing. Delicious food. Cabins with private bath and fireplaces.
Diana & Abe Berman—NYC Phone: SA 2-6463

HILLBERG FARM
Kerhonkson, N.Y. • Kerhonkson 8008W
(90 mi. from N.Y.C. via Thruway)
High, open country with beautiful views. Wonderful walking country along unfrequented roads, paths and woodland trails. Swimming in a delightful pond and also in a natural brook pool. Excellent food. Neat, comfortable, modern rooms. All at prices to fit your budget.
The Perfect Place for a Rest from the Clatter and Jangle of the City
— RESERVE NOW! —

PUBLICATIONS

A NEW KIND OF BOOK CLUB. Exclusively paperbound books. Anything bound in paper we probably have. Send for our NEW Paperbound Catalog FREE. Paperbound Shop, P.O. Box A61, Wantagh, N.Y.

GOOD USED BOOKS, 50c-$1
Postal brings free lists
Editions, Desk N, Hempstead, N.Y.

A COMMITTED NEWS REVIEW. By Air from England, 22 weeks trial—$3. Manchester Guardian Weekly, 20 East 53 St., Room 310, New York 22, N.Y.

SOCIETY'S basement, its drama, terror, pathos; well-written. Send 15c. Bowery News, 176 Lexington Avenue, New York 16.

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (NYC).

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — economical, insured, household moving. Vans, station wagons. Any day, any time The Padded Wagon. AL 5-8343 (N.Y.C.)

PERSONALS

WINDOW FAN — Portable 20" — 3 speeds. Regularly $51.25—SPECIAL $27.50. Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue, nr. 14th St., N.Y. GR 3-7819. 1 hour free parking.

ANDREW ROTH, now Editor, WESTMINSTER CONFIDENTIAL, is crossing U.S. September-October and anxious to interview Nation readers and lecture. Write: Parliamentary Profiles, 34 Somali Rd., London N.W.2

MOVING WEST. Must sell all my books. Priced at cost and below. Bookshop, 6494 Aylesworth, Cleveland 30, Ohio.

Advertising Rates
CLASSIFIED
74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum
CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
$7.42 per inch (minimum)
The NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N.Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

as customs and official tongues of their own, are fairly scornful of the cultural tardiness of their Serbian compatriots in Belgrade, the capital of their country, not to mention those other compatriots in Bosnia or Macedonia who still wear fezzes or veils or animal skins.

"Try and stay in the north," I was advised by the poet-novelist Lawrence Durrell, whose earlier experiences as British press officer in Belgrade culminated recently in his very funny but wholly slapstick *Esprit de Corps*, which every diplomat here is reading. "Try and stay in the north. There's nothing of passionate interest in Belgrade except the girls." I *had* to follow his advice, because our embassy, after urging me particularly to come to Belgrade, could not arrange any lectures there—either because Serbia is not yet ready for American literature or because Serbian professors live next door to Big Brother. (It is there that Djilas lies in prison, the outspoken man who was once Tito's second-in-command and now seems generally regarded here as an unlucky "out" rather than a hero or a villain.)

In the less Balkan, more Austrianized north, however, there was an eagerness for communication with the outside world that moved me. The understanding of English frequently surpassed that which I had encountered earlier at the international and highly selective Salzburg Seminar in American Studies; and the questions were also better, because more passionate, more concerned. Classroom attendance, entirely optional, never fell below 100, and at the end passed 350.

A prominent publisher, certainly a party member, asked me for a list of American authors whom he had not yet published — and astonished me by his detailed knowledge of our book trade. He had already published quite a few Americans. I gave him a supplementary list, saying: "Well, I don't think you'll lose much money on these."

"We have never lost money on any book we have published," he said.

One student explained this blessed condition: "We still read a great deal here. Television has not yet really arrived. It is still too expensive."

EVERYWHERE I asked the question, "What percentage of your university students, writers and artists come from the bourgeoisie, and what percentage from the proletariat?" Everywhere and from answerers in all walks of life, from waiters and chauffeurs as well as museum directors and ballet dancers, came the same reply: "Almost all students, writers and artists come from the bourgeoisie, almost none from the proletariat." The ratio was said to range anywhere from 90-10 to 99-1. Together with a strong residual fear of the Soviet Union, this may account for the conspicuous thirst for Western ideas and in particular for an absorption in modern psychology that was striking to one who had just come from Austria. It is hard to believe, in the museum without ideas called Vienna, that psychoanalysis was born there. Here I was asked to discuss its effect upon literary criticism.

Here, where there have been so few artistic triumphs, everything that suggests one is carefully savored. Mestrovic's sculpture is in evidence everywhere. How a national composer would be plugged on the wave lengths — if only there were one! Some good new abstract painters are coming along, but as yet none has captured any critical imaginations. Good writers, faced with obviously more difficult problems, are still scarcer. Opera, theatre and ballet flourish, however, and though nothing here can compare with the Vienna Staats-Oper, which did a splendid performance of Doulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, it can be predicted that the dancing at both Zagreb and Ljubljana are on the way to being worthy of exportation. A performance at Ljubljana of Prokofiev's *Cinderella* was especially fresh, if still uneven. Zagreb lays claim to an all-he-man male chorus, which if true will certainly be news. It also has a fine ballerina in Maja Bezjak.

WE are about to cross the border into Greece. Greek customs officials have already boarded the train, and my wife (the painter Buffie Johnson, who also lectured here, on the newest American painting) admires the Greek uniforms, which are cut on the British model, more than the Yugoslav, which are too long, too Slavic, as if made to cover the knocking of knees. A Yugoslav official has made a pointless fuss about my typewriter, which I didn't know I had to declare when I came here. It is good to be going back to "freedom," or if that doesn't exist in Greece either, at least to more relaxed, more graceful officials. But — I can't forget the hungry eyes of the Yugoslav students.

N. Y. Tanka

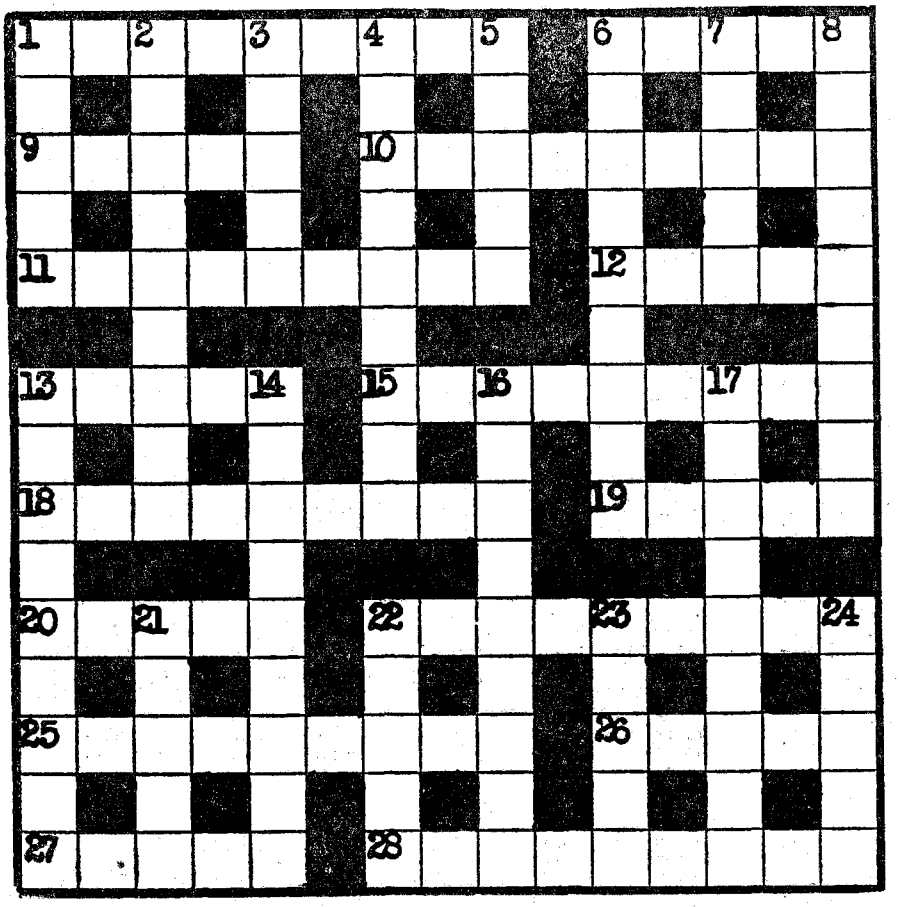
The nightboat moving
Down the river: legs of light
Twinkling, how quickly
That caterpillar glides off,
Trailing the still joyful dark.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 826

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 6 and 10 Work of Nicolai, proved impossible by engineers. (3, 6, 2 3, 9)
9 A ratio through what one might pay for fun. (5)
10 See 1 across
11 Gathering to study part of the menu? (9)
12 His hand was 26. (5)
13 As a rule, it should be found in the dictionary. (5)
15 Would such things be ascribed to my being placed well? (9)
18 One who might have served Mons Meg, for example. (9)
19 Should one be prepared for graft? (5)
20 And the fund of graft? (5)
22 Flights of steps made twisting? (9)
25 See 2 down
26 Stop between second and third. (5)
27 Smooths out 7, in a way. (5)
28 19 might be from the best stock. (9)

DOWN:

1 The subject of a Giotto picture. (5)
2 and 25 Handcuffs? (9, 9)
3 Handel's was originally to a plane tree. (5)
4 This material might be found in a red bag. (9)
5 Vale between Olympus and Ossa. (5)
6 A giblet so prepared places a requirement on one. (9)
7 Stevenson's child should behave mannerly at it. (5)
8 Such a state for Washington! (9)
13 One can justify such things. (9)
14 With no incisive power? (9)
16 The symbol of belles-lettres. (9)
17 Lamb shouldn't be told "see here!" —though offered in execution. (9)
21 We need time to find employment. (5)
22 Make avail of a sort of 24. (5)
23 Not real brilliant, but it might stick! (5)
24 Stuffed dates. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 825

ACROSS: 1 Loose change; 9 and 7 Half gainer; 10 Plant; 12 Gnashed; 13 Asperse; 15 Breakers; 16 Sheets; 18 Bad egg; 21 Etchings; 24 Gaffing; 26 Horizon; 28 Disc; 29 Raise; 30 Inns; 31 and 5 Quick-change artists. DOWN: 2 Obfuscate; 3 Supreme; 4 Clay; 6 Gorge; 8 Closet; 14 Islet; 17 Eliciting; 19 Arabic; 20 Generic; 22 Cholera; 23 and 11 Ground rule; 25 Fichu; 27 Zinc.

VACATIONS

WINDY HILL ON ORANGE LAKE Tel.: Newburgh 1232
A pleasantly informal vacation in friendly atmosphere. Swimming, Boating, Fishing on Natural Lake. Badminton, Volley Ball, Ping-pong, other sports. Records, books. Summer Theatre, Golf nearby. Food of excellent quality in generous quantity. $55.00 Weekly; $8.00 Daily; Weekend: Fri. Supper thru Sun. Dinner $16. 1½ hrs. from N.Y.C. via Thruway
Jane C. Arenz, R.D. No. 1, Walden, N.Y.

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.
RELAX in a friendly atmosphere. Golf at a magnificent Country Club. Dancing. Entertainment. Superb cuisine. Fireproof Bldg. Elevator service. In N.Y.C. call at local rate.
FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449
FOREST house
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

LUXURIOUS TIMBER LAKE FRONT ESTATE in the tall pine country of the Northern Adirondacks. All sports, including golf. Superb continental cuisine, personalized dining service. Informal. Limited to 40 couples. Brochure, information. SEVEN KEYS LODGE, 120 Central Park South, N.Y. 19, CIrcle 5-8077.
Alice Garlen-Sam Garlen, Directors

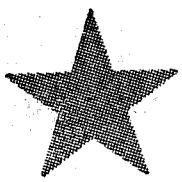
Reserve Now for July 4th Weekend
Arrowhead LODGE Ellenville N. Y.
RON & NAMA
Entertainment Staff, Social, Folk & Square Dancing, Painting, Arts & Crafts, Fast Tennis Courts, Fishing & All Sports. Low June Rates.
CALL DE 2-4578 — ELLENVILLE 502

MERRIEWOODE
FOR ADULTS
Highland Lake • Stoddard, N.H.
Where Interesting People Meet for the Perfect Vacation • Enjoy beautiful, 10-mile Lake • All Land and Water Sports, featuring Water Skiing and Excellent Tennis • Interesting Hiking Objectives thru Woodland Trails • Square, Folk & Social Dancing • Planned Evening Programs • Opportunity to participate in Dramatic Performances • Fine Food • Non-Sectarian • Write for Picture Folder N.
OLIVE "Hattie" BARON, Director
Tel.: HIlltop 6-3349
Open June 27

Crystal Lake Lodge
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
New Faces of Summer '59
A new season—a new crowd—young, alive and active—an exciting and festive Crystal Lake Lodge with programs to make your vacation gayer than laughter. July 3rd-11th. Internationally-known Israeli folksingers, RON & NAMA. Repertory Theatre with resident company, Ralph Cooper and Band, Folk Dance with THE Fritzi Girdden, Film Classics, revues, etc. 1500 romantic woodland acres, 60 acre private lake, water skiing, 9 pro clay tennis courts, canoeing, boating, all sports, chef cuisine. Reserve NOW for choice accommodations. Owned and operated by the Slutsky family. A modern resort for young adults in the Adirondacks.
CHESTERTOWN 5, N.Y.
Phones: 3830 N.Y.C. LU 5-1678

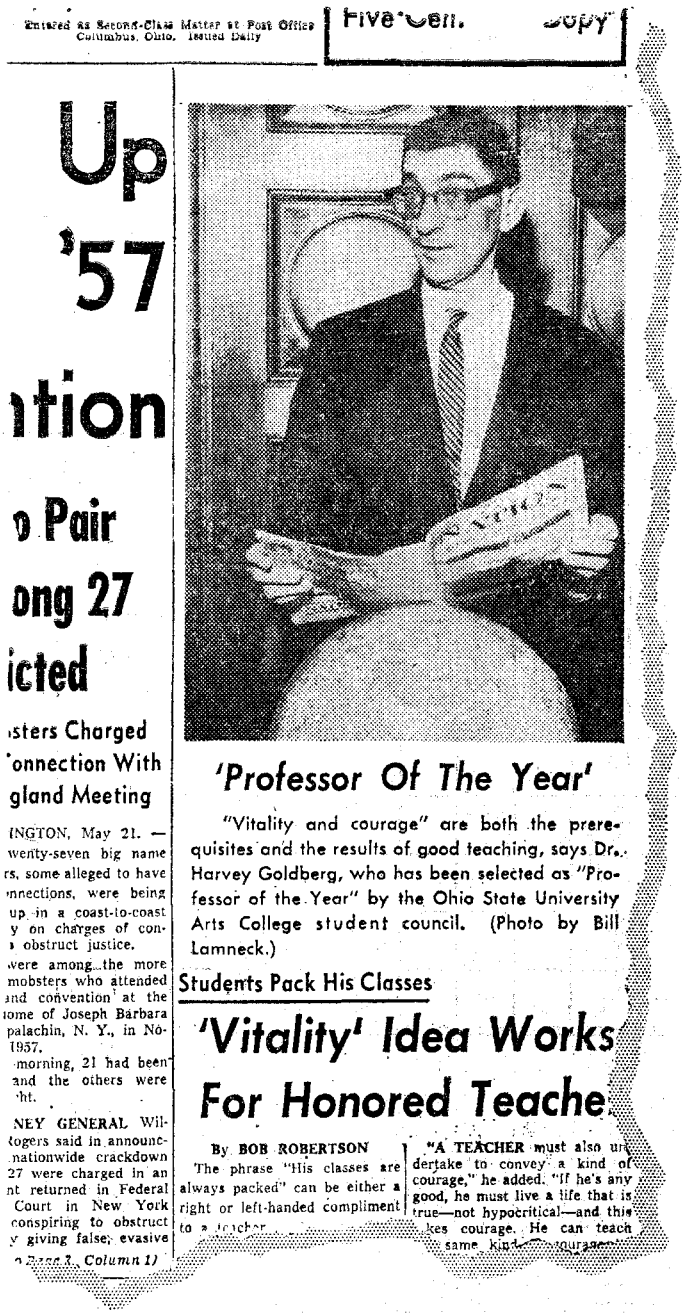
Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The news photograph in the adjoining column would make it appear that we have a live-wire publicity man on the campus of Ohio State University. We don't. The picture was taken by a Columbus (Ohio) *Citizen* photographer without our foreknowledge; and Mr. Goldberg's choice of reading matter was his own.

Anyway, it is nice to know that *The Nation* is favored by the favorite professor of Ohio State's Liberal Arts College. It may even be that the two facts are not entirely unrelated. Students are attracted to teachers with independent, questing minds—precisely the kind of mind that is attracted to *The Nation*.



Entered as Second-Class Matter at Post Office Columbus, Ohio, Issued Daily

Five Cen... Copy

Up
'57
tion
o Pair
ong 27
icted

sters Charged
onnection With
gland Meeting

INGTON, May 21. — wenty-seven big name rs, some alleged to have nnections, were being up in a coast-to-coast y on charges of con- obstruct justice.

were among the more mobsters who attended and convention at the ome of Joseph Barbara palachin, N. Y., in No- 1957.

morning, 21 had been and the others were ht.

NEY GENERAL Wil- togers said in announc- nationwide crackdown 27 were charged in an nt returned in Federal Court in New York conspiring to obstruct y giving false, evasive

(Page 2, Column 1)

'Professor Of The Year'

"Vitality and courage" are both the prerequisites and the results of good teaching, says Dr. Harvey Goldberg, who has been selected as "Professor of the Year" by the Ohio State University Arts College student council. (Photo by Bill Lamneck.)

Students Pack His Classes

'Vitality' Idea Works For Honored Teache

By BOB ROBERTSON

The phrase "His classes are always packed" can be either a right or left-handed compliment to a teacher.

"A TEACHER must also undertake to convey a kind of courage," he added. "If he's any good, he must live a life that is true—not hypocritical—and this kes courage. He can teach same kind of courage

THE NATION

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14

Please send THE NATION

☐ One Year, $8 ☐ Three Years, $20
☐ Two Years, $14 ☐ 6 Months, $4
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

(Canadian and Foreign Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE ____

6-27-59

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED